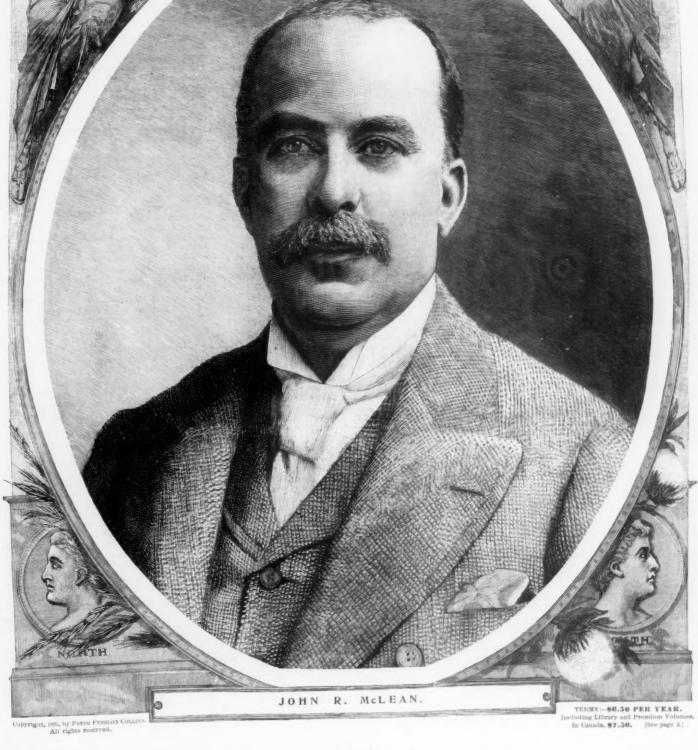
JUL T 1895

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NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1895.



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895

ALLAMONG OURSELVES

Is it not time for a new crusade for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel?

The query is pertinent just now, when the fleets of some of the European Powers are assembling in the Levant, with the intention of forcing the Sultan of Turkey, the grand Caliph of the Faithful, into agreement to complete reform in his relations with his subject Christian populations. The blood of Armenian martyrs cries to Heaven against the cruel successors to those Seljuk Turks who, by their barbarous treatment of pious pilgrims, aroused the indignation of all Western Europe in the eleventh century, and caused the noble uprising known as the "first crusade."



A fig for the Sultan's promises to treat the Armenians better in future; he cannot fulfill them! He is the slave of the religious fanatics who have already sent him word that if he inaugurates the reforms in Armenia he will meet the fate of Abdul Aziz. A palace revolution—a bowstring—a new puppet set up in the old puppet's place—and the policy of antique Islam will flow on as uninterruptedly as before, regardless of the prying Western nations. Thus reason the Ulemas and the wise men who execrate all "Christian dogs," and who believe Mahomet to have been the sole prophet of God.

The "Eastern Question" is soon to be reopened, if indeed it be not open now. The outbursts of fanaticism in Syria as well as the terrible massacres in Armenia indicate this. Whether or not France and Russia—as nations which have vast Eastern interests—co-operate with England in a naval demonstration intended to influence the timid Sultan, and to coerce him to decency, that potentate may expect soon to find all Christian Europe arrayed against him. The limit of patience has been reached. The lessons which Turkey received in 1877 and 1878 have done her no good. She is incapable 1877 and 1878 have done her no good. She is incapable of learning. Her fanatical spirit blinds her to the truth. The loss of her provinces in the Balkan Peninsula has not taught her discretion. The despair of Turkey's friends in Europe is indicated by a remark in the Saturday Review of London, apropos of the Sultan's obstinacy: "After all, if a nation is resolved to commit suicide it is bound sooner or later to succeed

The disintegration of the Turkish Empire ought to be the result of the hideous massacres at Sassun. The combined fleets of Christianity should thunder at the gates of Constantinople until the Turk understands that

he can be punished for oppressing Christians. dependently of all this, the rescue of Jerusalem from the profaning presence of the "unspeakable Turk" should be accomplished before the dawning of the twentieth century. The sabre of the Mahometan mer-cenary should no longer clang upon the stone floors of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehe

The tomb of the Virgin Mary should no more be sullied by the prowling Anatolian patrol. The Holy Land should be neutralized, and held subject to the will of the Christian nations. The Turk should have no of the Christian nations. The Turk should have no more rights in Jerusalem than the follower of any other religio

promise teform and Eastern Chairman and Eastern Cha of the Redeemer.

Who will preach the New Crusade fire and fury that Peter the Hermit displayed when he set Europe marching against the infidel? Why should not the impulse this time come from the New World, not the impulse this time come from the New World, which was unheard of when Godefroy de Bouillon swung his ponderous battle-mace on the walls of Jerusalem? The Turk deserves no consideration. His record is vile; stained with blood and freighted with lying promises, let him be driven out. Batak and Sassun condemn him; he cannot be trusted. Shall murderers and liars keep guard at the sepulchre where once the Man-God lay? the Man-God lav?

The Turks have a tradition that one day the Chris ians will enter by the Golden Gate into Jerusalem, and possess the city. For centuries a Mahomedan soldier has stood in a little tower near this gate, straining his eyes to see if the Christian hordes are at hand. The eyes to see if the Christian hordes are at hand. The tradition is doubtless the outgrowth of the Turkish wonder that the followers of Christ should allow their sacred city to remain in the possession of barbaric infidels. Much of the contempt of the Turks for the Christian Powers comes from the fact that Turkey keeps her hold on Jerusaiem. "If the Christians were strong enough," there are "trend that you quickly eyed us?" they say, "would they not quickly expel us?

Expel them. Let the "New Crusade" begin. This time it need not involve a massacre of Moslems, nor the marching and counter marching, during long years, of armies. A conference, and the pulling of diplomatic wires, will suffice. The Turk, punished for his cruelty to Eastern Christians by the loss of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, must be sent to clatter his sabre elsewhere. Modern civilization is at the gates of the Holy City. The locomotive pants outside the ancient walls. Progress is ready to oust the Turk; let the united Christian

The suggestion of ONCE A WEEK that our cities The suggestion of ONCE A WEEK that our cities should be a little more patriotic in the nomenclature of streets, hotels and apartment-houses has had many echoes. There is a general feeling that we have altogether too many Buckinghams and Empires and Vendones, and not enough Lincolns and Winthrops and Marcys and Websters and Hamiltons and Van Burens as names for our hotels. London is full of "Wellingtons"; but New York has no "Grant House," and I think it would be hard to find a "Sheridan Hotel," or a 'Hotel Sherman." At least there are none of any great im-Sherman." At least there are none of any great importance. Yet Grant and Sherman were citizens of the metropolis. Paris and London enroll such men among metropolis. Paris and London enroll such men among their glories, and perpetuate their memories in every possible manner. Why does not New York City do the

The numbered street should speedily become a thing The numbered street should speedily become a thing of the past. It is a mark of rawness and provincialism. Let it disappear before "Greater New York" comes in. Even Fifth Avenue should be rebaptized. Embalm the old Dutch patronymics in the memories of New Yorkers by attaching them to streets and avenues. Perpetuate the fame of the great battles in which American arms. have been victorious. London named one of its railroad stations after Waterloo. Why not have a Fillmore Square and a Van Buren Place and a Conkling Street, a Seymour apartment-house and a Greeley Avenue? Why not create a "Place of the Republics," with statues of the North and Central and TIOT STREET South American Republics ar-

If we are to have any foreign names at all attached to our streets and public squares, let them be taken from the countries which have contributed the

rayed about it?

vast currents of immigration poured into New York City during the last forty years. Scandinavia, German-land, the Italian peninsula, the Emerald Isle, should all be remembered. For each has furnished important parts of the great composite life of the cosmopolitan capital which is one day to be the chief city of the world.

Dr. Depew made a brilliant address at the "Com-mencement" of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, on June 18, and in the course of it he paid his respects to the political bosses against whom there has been such a formidable popular revolt. The role of the boss in politics, he said, is "the natural result of the neglect of the primaries by citizens." And he added:

the primaries by citizens." And he added:

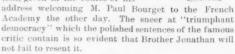
"The boss and the ring on one side, in secret partnership with the ring and the boss on the other, present tickets made up of thieves or tools, and then shout for us to vote for the one or the other in the name of protection or free trade, in the name of monometallism or free coinage of silver according to our party affiliations. If the educated men of the country who are ministers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, business men, or farmers would perform their duties in the primary school of the caucus we should never experience that despotism of a machine which blights ambition, destroys honest effort for good government, and plunders impartially partisans and antagonists."

All this is true as gospel. But is it said in vain? Will educated and thinking men continue to neglect the primaries, or will they with one accord decide that it is better to take the evil at its fountain-head; better to give the time at the start than to spend both money and time lavishly in repairing the thieving ravages of bosses who start from the primary, unwatched by respectable and responsible citizens, for whose power they grow to and responsible citizens, feel a decided contempt?

Another noteworthy feature of this oration was its declaration that "the device of modern despotism is to perpetuate itself by State Socialism." The process by which monarchs who find the "divinity which doth hedge a King" consumed, as Dr. Depew says, in the "fiere of modern democracy," are trying to maintain their power by becoming paternal managers of railroads, bankers and builders and old-age pensioners, is very neatly shown up. I trust that Kaiser Wilhelm may be furnished with a copy of this oration. It will set him to thinking. set him to thinking

Foreign critics of the United States never seem satisduntil they have indulged in the accustomed platitude Estimable publi-

about "the worship of the dollar," cists, who, when they are vriting on European affairs, take utmost pains to verify all their attements, accept without examination the snap judgment of any chance traveler in America. A case in point is M. Melchior de Vogüé's excessively harsh verdict on American civilization, given in the course of his



If our captious critic had taken the trouble to study American life before presuming to criticise it he would have found that there is abundant devotion to the ideal among the great fortune-makers of America. He would have learned that the rich burghers of Boston appreciated the ventus of learn Expracis Miller and would have learned that the rich ourgners of boston appreciated the genius of Jean Francois Millet and bought his pictures at an epoch when French millionaires had left him to starve to death, while they lavished millions upon their wine cellars and poultry yards

He would find the rich men of America giving thirty millions of dollars every year to found universities schools of painting and sculpture, and to offer free in schools of painting and sculpture, and to ofter free instruction to persons of modest resources, while the millionaires of France are lavishing twice that sum on the Anonyma, the race horse, and the sideboard. The "measure of the dollar" is by no means like the measure of the franc. In selfishness and in coarseness of pleasure the plutocrat of Middle Europe takes the lead. No newly-enriched American would ever dream of trying to keep pace with him.

The great "bazaars," crushers-out of decent and in-dependent competition, and reducers of wages to a mere derisive pittance—are guilty of stimulating the "sweat-ing" system. This is shown very clearly by the testi-mony before the Legislative Committee now in session. It is the determination to sell at such low prices that there is no living profit in the sales unless they are on a there is no living profit in the sales unless they are on a vast scale which has brought wages down to starvation point. Plunder the poor creatures whose labor creates the article which you are to sell, enslave the employee who sells it for you, and how can you help getting rich? The bazaar was invented for the express purpose of cheating the poor and of rendering competition impos-

It is time that the wholesome device, "Live and let live," should be recalled to the attention of the bazaar owners. Recent disclosures as to the trickery in silver presage a general desertion of these establishments un-

less fair rather than shabby dealing shall become the At this time when wages are returning to their omed level in all great industrial establishments, legislative investigators are particularly indisposed to ink at such grinding of the faces of the p ticed in the bazaars.

It is true that the word bargain has a wonderfully seductive sound to the American ear. But the great purchasing public of the United States is just and hon-orable, and when it discovers that the cheapening process of the bazaars is due to the enslavement of one class and the persecution of another, it will turn its back upon the cheap Jacks forever.

The cyclers' parade in Brooklyn on the 15th inst., which marked the opening of the cycle path from Prospect Park to Coney Island, was under the auspices of the Good Roads Association. The enthusiasm manifested on the occasion showed that something was astir in the minds of the people besides the display, the beauty of the scenery and the universal good feeling. The p ple of Brooklyn have a great project before them, an will take steady work, tireless patience and a dogged determination to carry it out.

peculiar point of interest about the "Greater Brooklyn' situation is this: Before the recent annexa tions she was separated from certain outlying villages by highways in every imaginable state of preservation, except one that would last. It will be some time before these highways will be lined with residences. Instead of more temporary tinkering and expensive patchwork the idea is that the Greater Brooklyn must proceed at once to make first-class paved roads within the city limits, on the presumption that the cost of them can possibly be wasted, but will come back to all the peop with interest. Such an undertaking as this will be worth many years of agitation to the Good Roads move-ment throughout the country. The Greater Brooklyn can cover herself with glory, by encouraging the Brooklyn Good Roads Association.

The parade brought no less than ten thousand cyclers into line. The mere mention of such a possibility a score of years ago would have been sufficient to raise a storm of ridicule. Order was kept by a small squad of mounted police—mounted on bicycles. A gathering of ten thousand people witnessed the manoeuvres of the skilled and people witnessed the maneuvres of the skilled wheelmen on the Manhattan Beach track. The ladies' clubs, with their dainty picturesqueness of uniform, at-tracted much notice. Cycling has certainly crept into our national manners, and acts as if it had come to stay.

Everywhere throughout Canada preparations are afoot for the great national celebration of Dominion Day, which falls on the First of July. On that date, twenty-eight years ago, the Un-



ion was proclaimed throughout the four Provinces which first constituted the Dominion—namely, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Rupert's Land, the Northwest Territories and Manitoba were not admitted to Union until 1870. British Columbia was created a Province in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873. Newfoundland was expected to come in this

Newfoundland was expected to come in this in 1873. year, but would not accept the terms offered by Canada, and still remains the missing link without which the chain of Confederation can never be regarded as quite complete. Canada is now nearly as large as the whole of Europe, and is about five hundred thousand square miles larger than the United States without Alaska.

The enthusiasm of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British The enthusiasm of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, over the new American steamship, the "St. Louis," in which he recently crossed to Southampton, has aroused the anger of some British statesmen in Parliament. Sir Edward Grey has been asked, in awfully solemn tones, "whether he is aware" that Sir Julian has signed a resolution declaring that the new American liner demonstrates the inauguration, under American auspices, of a new era in ocean traffic—"and that such a statement is datrimental to British interests"? a statement is detrimental to British interests"?

Detrimental? How and why? Does Britannia fancy Detrimental? How and why? Does Britannia fancy that a nation with twenty-two thousand miles of seacoast, with seventy millions of people, and fronting on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—a country which once had the carrying trade of the world—is likely to refrain from attempts to re-establish her maritime commerce and prestige? And does not Britannia know that competition is the soul of trade?

The Maritime Register suggests that exhibitions of American manufactured goods should be made at important trade centres all over the world. Now that the home market cannot begin to utilize the products of our factories, something should certainly be done to increase our exports. I hardly think that the exhibits scattered all over the world would be as advantageous as annual exhibitions held right here in New York—where important foreign merchants sooner or later all come. An annual show of the best manufactured goods, artistically gotten up on a grand scale, in the metropolis

The action of the Brooklyn police with regard to William Henry, one of the sons of the miser recent found murdered in his house in Brooklyn, has be of the miser recently severely censured by the public, and may lead to immediate reform of methods entirely unsuited to the atnosphere of a free country. William was a prodig on, and had been turned away from home. He w leading a vagabond life, and there was perhaps nothing unnatural in his arrest upon suspicion. But the police methods after the arrest were startlingly suggestive of old time procedure in Spain or Austria. trivial evidence unfavorable to the man was at one cepted as conclusive of his guilt; the weapon with which he committed the crime was produced; and the prisoner was kept in secret according to the style approved by otic Governments.

All the evidence collapsed before a coroner's jury, which decided that the miser died by unknown ha The weapon sworn to by the police was proven no have been used for the murder. They had located the prodigal son near his father's residence on the day of the murder, but only at an hour when the old man had long been dead. Yet they persisted in asserting that he committed the crime. If their signal blunder results in long been dead. committed the crime. If their signal blunder results in confining the police to their proper functions hereafter, society will be the gainer. The press also was to blame, in trying and convicting William Henry before a case id really been made out against him

S AT KIEL

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Kaiser Wilhelm has learned by experience that it does not pay to make alarmist speeches. At Kiel he was amicably pacific and good-natured. Forty-five warships with more than een thousand fighting men on them lay before his gaze, but the enthusiasm caused by the sight did not betray him into any bel-

The Harlem Ship Canal, which puts the Sound within The Harlem Ship Canal, which puts the Sound within easy reach of the Hudson, and which gives this city an additional ten miles of water-frontage, almost capital enough to set up many a seaport in business, was opened with elaborate ceremonies on Monday, June 17. Its depth is not yet sufficient to admit large ships. Fifteen feet draught will not do for a ship canal between the Hudson and the Sound. The Prevident and Consequent Hudson and the Sound. The President and Governor Morton were unavoidably absent, but Mayor Strong the honors gracefully. The water parade and the the honors gracefully. The water parade and the land procession were elaborate, and great crowds gathered to witness them. The United States Governme "Cincinnati" and "Atlanta" participated. ent ve

The executors of the late Jay Gould's estate have already paid into the treasury of this State six hundred thousand dollars, under protest, as the value of the colinheritance tax. It is contended that the ex-of administration should be deducted from the lateral inheritance tax. been referred back to an appraiser. In any case the State will make a clean half-million.

The angry discussion over the Franco-Russian alliance shows the immense importance attached to it by the Powers hostile to France and Russia. Even Bismarck goes out of his way to pooh-pooh it. Half his time as a diplomatist was passed in keeping Russia out of the field, and now that she has boldly entered it, he can scarcely believe it. The French and Russian fleets at Kiel were made the object of much sympathy and politeness by Germany and Austria. But the declaration of M. Hanotaux in the French Parliament, and the action of Russia in harmony with France wherever France has enemies to combat, have shown the "Triple Alliance" that a new danger confronts it. Whether the Franco-Russian agreement is verbal or written, it is evidently binding and based on mutual good-will.

sia is buying up all the shares of the Suez Canal which are to be found on the market. She has a fund of one hundred million dollars set aside for that purpose. This would seem to point to co-operation with France against England in Egypt at no very distant day.



is to sail against "Valkyrie III." in the international yacht race this autumn. The "Defender" is 122 feet 8 inches long from tip to tip, or four inches shorter than the "Vigilant"; her load water line is 92 feet 11 inches; beam, 23 feet 14 inches; free board. from water line to top of wale, 4
feet 3 inches; sheer, 1 foot 6
The draught is thought to be about 18 feet. It

d that the craft will be launched in the first

By 220 to 83 votes the British Parliament has refused statue to Oliver Cromwell within the precincts of th irliament House. The Irish vote did it.

Commodore F. M. Bance succeeds Rear-Admiral ade as Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron.

General Alfaro has been made provisional President

King Humbert of Italy has conferred the cross of Knight of the Crown of Italy on Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, secretary of the American League of International Copyright.

There was a terrible uproar in the Italian Parliament over the debate on the King's address, June 18. Blows were exchanged, and the President threatened the disorderly deputies with punishment. The tempest lasted a long time

It is rumored that General Martinez Campos has been shot on board a Spanish warship in a Cuban port by a spy who, after the crime, leaped from the vessel and am ashore No confirmation of this news has vet

At last New York City is to have a Botanic Garden like the other great cities of the world, and it is apparently to be of very respectable magnitude. The subscription of a fund of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars by J. Pierpont Morgan, by Columbia College, by Andrew Carnegie, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller, D. O. Mills, George J. Gould, Helen Gould, and wany others now enables the city to issue bonds for five many others now enables the city to issue bonds for five hundred thousand dollars for the necessary buildings and to give a site of two hundred and fifty acres in Bronx Park. The act authorizing the garden's establishment required the subscription of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a preliminary to the city's action. The site chosen is one of surpassing loveliness.

Very little will be gained for the civil rights of the colored people by the "test cases" in this State. A hotel-keeper should have the right to say who shall and who shall not frequent his he

Ex-Inspector McLaughlin of the New York City olice, convicted of extortion, has been sentenced to mprisonment in Sing Sing for two and a half year

E. J. Glave, an English explorer who had been in Central Africa with Stanley, and a young man of rare promise, died suddenly at Matadi, one hundred and ten miles from the mouth of the Congo, on May 12. He was making investigations concerning the Arab slave trade. Mr. Glave engaged in extensive explorations in Alaska in 1888 and a year or two later.

It is reported that the London Times, so long a sixcent daily journal, is hencefor to be published for two cents.

J. Pim. the tennis champion BOART J. Pim, the tenns cnampion of England, accepted an engagement to play at the tournament of the Neighborhood Club, of West Newton, Mass., June 24.
His partner in doubles, Mr. Marker accompanied him. Pim is hony, accompanied him. Pim is TARRECT TIME an Irishman, and reached his present fame only after three years of disappointment.

Friday, June 21.

Hamilton Laidlaw has been awarded forty thousand dollars' damages by a jury for injuries received by the explosion of the dynamite bomb which Norcross threw at Russell Sage. This was the fourth trial. The case will, it is said, be appealed and carried to the United

States Supreme Court. Old Union College at Schenectady, in this State, cele-ated its hundredth Commencement anniversary on

A Palm Garden, like that at Frankfort-on-the-Main in Germany, is to be added to the beauties of Central Park in this city.

There are new signs of coming trouble in Egypt. The Khedive, who is known to be very anti-English and in favor of home government, has quarreled with his fam-ily, and is going to see the Sultan, and perhaps ask his The Sultan would not be sorry to play John tection Bull a trick in Egypt just now, hoping to dive tention from the Christian reforms.

The Committee of Seventy, which brought order out of chaos in New York City and nominated Mayor Strong, has disbanded. A new committee, organized on lines identical with the old one, will be formed in a few weeks to work for the election of proper representatives of the reform element in the next Legislature.

The railroad to the summit of the Jungfrau in Switz-

THE KIEL DEMONSTRATION.

THE KIEL DEMONSTRATION.

WHEN the Imperial German Reichstag appropriated one million seven hundred thousand marks (four hundred and twenty thousand dollars) for the ceremonies and festivities attendant upon the opening of the great canal which now joins the Baltic Sea to the German Ocean, it was with a view to outdoing the grand parade made by the Second French Empire when the Suez Canal was thrown open to navigation. In fact, some of the orators who asked for the money said so; and as they had behind them the Kaiser, anxious for an imposing occasion, there was little difficulty. The proud and rich city of Hamburg joined itself eagerly to the project for a striking display. The outcome has been one of the most impressive mayal reviews of modern times, and a celebration noteworthy in all its points for picturesqueness. All the nautical nations were invited to send ships, and the result was an assemblage at Kiel of forty-five warships carrying more than seventeen thousand men. The little ripple of unpleasantness which was caused before the festival by the unwillingness of the French to participate unless they could make some demonstration hinting at their Russina alliance finally passed away, and the Kaiser made a speech full of peace and good-will. To Americans there is something incongruous in a declaration that all the marine war monsters assembled at Kiel are so many guarantees of European peace; but the young Emperor seems to think that the larger the proportions for fighting the less chance there is of a collision of forces. The American flagship "San Francisco," with Admiral Kirkland in command, and the 'New York,' "Columbia" and "Marblehead" were much admired. The latter was selected to go through the canal with the dedicatory procession, Admiral Kirkland transferring his flagship to her for the time being. On Wednesday, June 19, Emperor Wilhelm arrived at Hamburg, where the assembled Kings and Princes of Germany, and a vast number of foreign guests, were awaiting him. He was attired in a white uniform, a



JUDSON HARMON, THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

guests to a water festival on the Alster. An artificial island, created at enormous outlay, was the scene of a vast reception. When planning the celebration a delegation visited the Emperor, and he casually remarked: "Well, I suppose we can take our coffee in the evening on the island in the Alster." "But, your Majesty, there is no island in the Alster." The Emperor said he thought he remembered seeing there "a little one that would do." So the Hamburgers went home, and said: "We must have an island in the Alster." And the city built one regardless of expense.

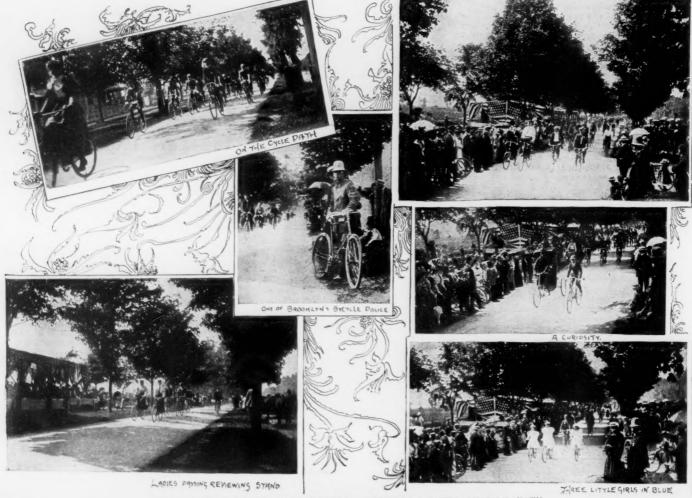
And the city built one regardless of expense.

On Friday, June 21, Emperor Wilhelm laid the keystone of the completed canal in presence of the greatest gathering ever seen of the navies of the world. Eight years ago, his grandfather, the German Emperor, turned the first sod for this canal, which makes Germany always sure of easily reuniting her navy in times of danger without the tedious journey round the Skager Rack. The canal is fifty-three and one-half miles long, its average depth is twenty-nine and one-half feet, and it is extensively fortified. It lies south by east, extending from the old town of Kiel, on the Baltic coast, to Brunsbättel, a few miles below Hamburg, on the Elbe. Its cost was nearly thirty-eight million dollars.

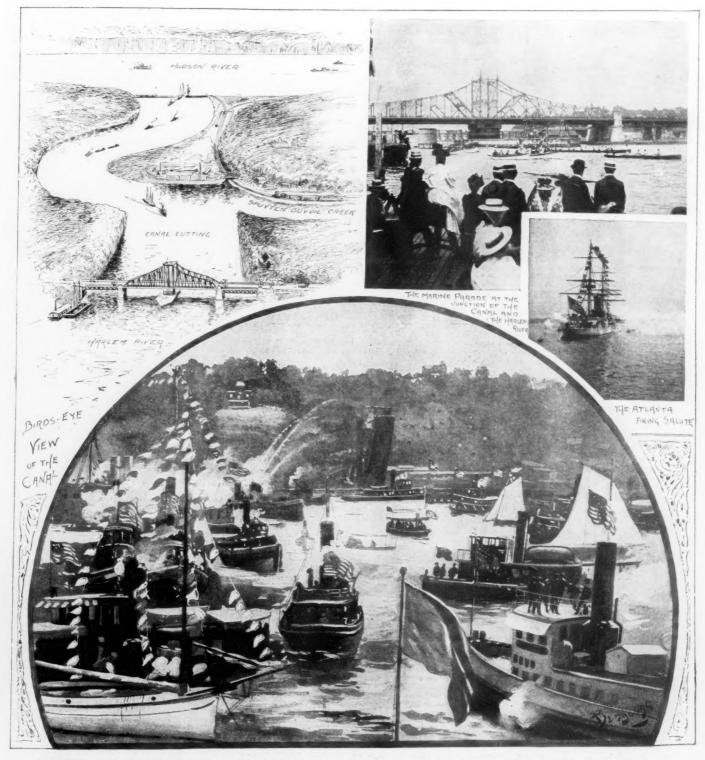
ATTORNEY-GENERAL JUDSON HARMON.

JUDSON HARMON, the new Attorney-General of the United States, has long been one of the most popular lawyers in Cincinnati, O., where he was born about forty-nine years ago. His father was one of the early residents of the city, and was pastor for many years of a Baptist church there. His brother, Dr. B. F. Harmon, is superintendent of Long View Insane Asylum near Cincinnati. Educated in the public schools, and at Denison University, Judson Harmon was graduated from the Cincinnati Law School, and was admitted to the Bar in 1869. He held a brief term on the Common Pleas Bench, being unseated on a contest of the election, and was a Judge of the Superior Court from 1878 to 1887, resigning to enter the law firm of Harmon, Colston, Goldsmith & Hoadly, of which he remains a member.

He is prominently identified with the best reform measures in his State, and with the sound-money party. He is of fine physique, handsome and dignified, and is extremely popular socially. On national questions he is an earnest and patriotic American of the best type.



THE CYCLERS' PARADE IN BROOKLYN .- OPENING OF THE BICYCLE PATH.



OPENING OF THE HARLEM SHIP CANAL.-THE FIRST BOAT ENTERING THE NEW WATERWAY.

THE Harlem Ship Canal, which provides a short cut between the waters of the Hudson River and the Sound, was formally opened on Monday, June 17, with a water procession of ships and steamboats, and a land parade. A vast throng witnessed the pageants attendant upon the completion by the Government of the work which gives a clear depth of nine feet from the Hudson to the East River, thus making the entire waters surrounding Man-

hattan Island navigable for light-draught vessels. The depth of the channel is eventually to be increased to twelve, and finally to fifteen feet. The opening of the canal will give an immense impulse to the building of Upper New York, for it will facilitate the bringing directly to wharves on the Harlem of the materials for construction so abundant along the shores of the Hudson. Practically the canal consists of a deep cutting in the flats about Kingsbridge for a long period.

The death of Manuel Ruiz Zorilla, the Spanish revolutionist, is a distinct loss to the cause of liberty in the Peninsula. Zorilla was very powerful when Amadeo was King of Spain. But after the abdication, he allied himself openly with the Republican party, and had to leave the country. He returned to Spain last year, under an amnesty act. Zorilla was a bold thinker and vigorous writer.

der an amnesty act. Zorina was a bold thinker an vigorous writer.

A RESOLUTION adopted at the great meeting of the Women's Temperance Unions in London exonerated the American branch and Miss Willard from the charge of being apologists for the lynchings in certain Southern sections of the United States. The American W. C. T. U. maintains the same attitude to that matter as the other Christian bodies—that under no circumstances must human life be taken without process of law.

An American who has just returned from Cuba says that the Spaniards invariably claim a victory after a battle, no matter if the other side wins. In the encounter with the insurgents at Jobito, the Spaniards lost two hundred killed, and the Cubans received hardly a scratch. But the Spanish official report said "two hundred insurgents killed." Such colossal lying as this will soon discredit the Spanish cause.

The President has left Washington for his simple but comfortable home at Gray Gables, on Buzzard's Bay, Mass., where he will remain through the summer heats. The Anaconda Copper 'Company, successor to the famous Anaconda Mining Company, has been organized at Butte, Mont., with a capital of thirty million dollars, AT Copenhagen the King and Queen of Denmark visited Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone on the steamship 'Tantallion Castle' and took lunch with them. Mr. Gladstone drank a toast to the Royal family of Denmark.

The Roxbury (Mass.) Latin School celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary on June 19.

OPPOSED TO FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

New York City, June 17, '95.

Dear Sir—An association opposed to the extension of the suffrage to women having been formed, it is desired to form branches in all cities and towns throughout the State.

This association has been called into active being by the fact that the Legislature of '86 has passed in both its Houses what is known as the "Nixon Resolution." This is a resolution to let the question of woman suffrage to before the people for their decision. It has to be also passed by both Houses mext year and then to be voted upon at the next ensuing electron.

BEST MATCH IN TOWN. "A promise, Dolly?" She was close at his side, and had caught both his hands, before she answered him. "A promise, Dolly?" She was close at his side, and had caught both his hands, before she answered him. "A promise, Dolly?" She was close at his side, and had caught both his hands, before she answered him. "A promise, Dolly?" She was close at his side, and had caught both his hands, before she answered him. "Everything? Dolly, Dolly, you're asking too me."

A NOVEL,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT, Author of "A New York Fundly," "An Ambitions Wome "A Gentleman of Leisure," "The House at High Bridge "The Eath that Men Do," etc., etc.

home with a calm conscience that same afternoon, would be unjustly to judge him. As the train took him to town his sense of indignity died away—or, sufficiently, at least, for him to see the wreck of hope beyond its severing mists. He loved Dorothea, and it looked, now, as though he were to lose her forever.

and it looked, now, as though he were to lose her forever.

Would she despise him for wishing the engagement deferred, and rank his posture as unpardonable? One minute he tingled with the childish wilfulness of such revolt and defiance as all spoiled and petted creatures feel; another minute he would mentally tremble at the thought of how she might answer rebellion with disdain.

On reaching home he was met by a most unexpected message. It came from his English friends, and with profuse apologies and excuses oft-reiterated it begged him to sanction the postponement of the proposed dinner till two days later. Greatly relieved (si.ce his perturbed state had already placed him on the point of staying away from this dinner even at the risk of mortally offending his friends), he now wrote a reply full of cordial acquiescence.

Then, the engagement happily canceled, he roamed with restless pace from room to room of his beautiful, vacant dwelling. It had always seemed lonely to him, but never so lonely as now. Hitherto Dorothea had glimmered here or there, a sweet ghost born of expectation, anticipation, hope. Now she had become exorcised; the emptiness everywhere taunted and almost terrified.

In our dislike of certain selfish natures we are apt

cised; the emptiness everywhere taunted and almost terrified.

In our dislike of certain selfish natures we are apt merely to dismiss them as detestable, and not to heed the question of how their own egotistic faults may react upon them in strain and stress of suffering. Love, bereavement, even jealousy, rank among the popular passions. Remorse, in a way, is not unpopular, when sincerity of self-reproach accompanies it. But remorse such as Spottiswoode's at the present hour was pain blent with an essential arrogance. He could never have been induced to call it by the latter name; he would always have persisted in affirming it wholesome dignity and proper self-esteem. But such obstinate valuation of it could not lessen the onus of his regret that before leng his image would be clad in repulsive colors for the eyes of Dorothea, even if already she had not been led so to regard him.

and proper self-esteem. But such obstinate valuation of it could not lessen the onus of his regret that before leng his image would be clad in repulsive colors for the eyes of Dorothea, even if already she had not been led so to regard him.

By dusk he glanced at his watch for at least the twentieth time. After all, he concluded, why not post back to Highwood and have it out, however tempestuously, with all three of them—father, mother and adughter? Except in extremity there need be no surrender; he didn't intend any surrender, if that could be avoided. He was infinitely sorry, from one point of view, but from another he was infinitely self-secure. He wasn't at all willing to give up his betrothed, and in contrast with such renunciation no amount of humble concession appeared too exigent. But on the other hand he was prepared to argue the case vehemently. Provided they would let him (she and her people), he would fight it out and either win or lose. He would convince them that he had not been contemptibly exacting, or he would fail so to convince them. If he failed, he would toss up the game (why not?) and telf them he was willing to be married whenever they should set the day.

People whom the world has humored and indulged always have a sort of royally insolent way of thinking that they can smooth over their impertinences, and indeed their inflictions of injury as well, by a condescending hand-stroke. "Til board the earliest train I can get," Spottiswoode now decisively runninated. He rai gfor his carriage to take him to the station, and then he suddenly remembered that he had not dined.

Therewith came the discovery that he had not a suspiction of appetite. Still, one must go through some sort of dining, must not one? Except when really ill (and for the most part of his life he had known only the best of health) he had never spent an evening without dining. There seemed to him something curiously vulgar in falling to go through that ceremony. And at Highwood, apart from any inhospitable reception which might

Circumstance, though a rather poor playwright, is sometimes an effective dramatist. After Dorothea had given her sconful little laugh there in the sitting-room, her father said, with a sternness that sounded strangely from one whose resorts to it were so rare:

"My dear girl, you forget that when Spottiswoode insults you he insults me."

Immediately Dorothea wore a worried look. "Papa," she cried, "you value the preservation of my health. Heaven knows, your goodness has given me proof of this! But unless you wish to thrust me back into that forlorn state of a few weeks ago you will make me a promise, here and now."

"Everything? Dolly, Dolly, you're asking too much!"
"No, no! I'm only asking that you'll assure me a clear way toward future peace of mind. Besides, dear papa, how much better to arrange this affair without public disclosure? And pray what use could public disclosure serve in my case? I've no wish to be 'righted,' or anything of that sort. I engaged myself to Gerard Spottiswoode in the coldest spirit. I never loved him; I realized, while I lay weak and still threatened with death, after the delirium had left me, that there had been times when his very presence was a deadly weariness."

"Oh, Dorothea!" exclaimed her mother. "It couldn't have been quite like that with you!"
"It was like that," the girl hurried on, answering Mrs. Rathburne's words, but looking straight into her father's eyes. "Now, promise me, will you not? Let this breaking off of the engagement be my concernmine solely!"

this breaking off of the engagement be my concernmine solely!"
"I promise," answered Rathburne. And he kissed his daughter on the lips.
"Breaking off of the engagement?" quavered Mrs. Rathburne. "Why, it need not come to such a pass, need it, Dorothea?"
"Yes, mamma, it need, it must!" Here Dorothea swept toward her mother, and laid a hand on either of the lady's shoulders, gazing fervently into her face.
"It need and it must," she said, "because I've never loved but one man, and that man's name is Adam Strangford. Papa, there, is certain of it, though he's never told me that he was. I've divined his certitude, just as I've been conscious—self-convictingly conscious—that nothing except ambition drew me into an engagement with Gerard."
"Dorothea," breathed her mother, with drooping head, "what are you saying, my dear, what are you saying?"
"The truth, mamma! Adam Strangford has not

saying?
"The truth, mamma! Adam Strangford has not only told me that he loved me; he has told me, with a sublime yet perfectly excusable impudence, that I loved him?"

"Dorothea!"

"You with a Lind was mad, stupid, a reckless trifler with my own future. He has told me—"

"Mr. Strangford," said a servant, at one of the door-

"Mr. Strangford," said a servant, at one of the doorways.

Strangford came into the room amid dead silence.
And then it was just like Renwick Rathburne to break out in a voluminous laugh as he went forward and grasped him by the hand.

"Papa I" shrilled Dorothea, with a sort of sweet fierceness, "I believe that if you were going to have your head taken off, and somebody said something funny to you on the scaffold, you'd laugh just like Ahat."

"Of course I would," said Rathburne. "Having my head taken off is such an old story. You and your mother (God bless you both, dears!) have accustomed me to the process." . Then addressing Strangford: "It's both pleasant and familiar to see you drop in again."

mother (God bless you both, dears!) have accustomed me to the process.". Then addressing Strangford: "It's both pleasant an! familiar to see you drop in again."

"He came while I was ill and suffering," said Dorothea, in an odd, constrained tone, "but afterward he stayed away so long that he had to be sent for."

"Sent for, my child?" Mrs. Rathburne found voice, somewhat bleatingly.

"Yes, mamma. I wrote him this afternoon, asking him to come." She went nearer to Strangford, but she did not offer him her hand. "Is not this true?" she added, with her eyes on his face.

"Yes," he answered.

A sad laugh now left her. "I thought, then," she said, "that I should only have to tell you I had heard of those newspaper atrocities, and get a little comfort from your usual cool clear-headedness. But now affairs have become more complicated. I've a new revelation to make you—"

"Dorothea!" cried her mother, hastening to her side. "You've agitated yourself far too much! Renwick! you and I must act together, now! Join me in forbidding her to talk on in this excitable strain!"

But Dorothea wrapped both arms about her mother's and held them at her sides as though the poor protesting lady had been a disobedient child. With chin propped drolly against Mrs. Rathburne's plump shoulder, and looking across it at Strangford, she continued to speak.

"Yes, I've a new revelation to make you," she said. Very succinctly, then, and with a bitterness perhaps irrepressible, she disclosed her mother's recent interview with Spottiswoode. Ending what had been an extraordinary piece of mingled clearness and condensation, she lightly flung herself into an armchair, and for a moment hid her face. When she again revealed it, sitting upright without a trace of tears, her father stood close beside her on one hand and Strangford equally close on the other.

"Don't be angry," she said to her father, with a bright, abrupt smile. "I had to speak the truth right out." Then she turned and looked up into Strangford's grave, steadfast eyes.

"Team't advise

her."

"Ah, you would feel like saying that!" broke from Dorothea. Her eyes were glistening, her lips were parted. She had leaned impetuously forward, still seated in the armchair.

At the further end of the room, which was left by some trick of lamplight in deceptive shadow, the form of Gerard Spottiswoode had appeared. He had chosen (from an obvious motive, no doubt) to enter unannounced. Through some accident of location, Dorothea, of all the assembled four, had thus far alone perceived

him. While she spoke those last words of hers to Strangford she had grown aware of this new presence; and feeling that in a few more seconds her observation would be shared, she delivered these next words with ringing swiftness:

"You would feel like speaking in just such terms, would you not, to Gerard Spottiswoode, himself, if he were here, now, in this very chamber?"

"Yes," replied Strangford: "I should say to him, without hesitation: 'Provided what the world calls disgrace had actually shadowed Dorothea Rathburne, you would be unworthy of ever having named yourself her lover unless you found the forces of pity and protectiveness deepening and strengthening your love. The instant you stopped to think of any odium popular comment might have wreaked upon her as a question of either preventing or retarding your marriage with her, you would prove, even in so glaring a case, that you had never had the right to seek her for your wife at all."

Dorothea sprang up from her chair. She raised one hand, pointing toward Spottiswoode.

"I agree with every word of this," came her quick, clean-edged cry.

Four pairs of eyes were leveled, now, upon Spottiswoode. He came forth a little from shadow, and seemed about to speak. The moment was fraught for him with immeasurable discomfort. Possibly he would have spoken if Dorothea, stretching out a hand toward Strangford, had not suddenly exclaimed:

"Adam Strangford, not long ago you asked me to be your wife. I refused. Now I ask you to be my husband. Do you accept?"

"Yes."

The monosyllable, though not loud, was somehow resonant. And it did not only strike the note of passion.

The monosyllable, though not loud, was somehow resonant. And it did not only strike the note of passion. For Dorothea's ears, at least, it teemed with gratitude, triumph, exultation, and a loyalty ideally stanch.

About a month later, two of Renwick Rathburne's numberless friends were talking together in the club which he most frequented, and where his presence was held specially dear.

"So Dorothea was married yesterday."

Out there in the country, I saw.'

1 es.

Pretty quiet affair?''
Oh, decidedly.''
'Funny sort of business, the whole thing—wasn't

"It might have been."
"It might have been."
"How do you mean—'might have been'?"
"I mean just what I say. With that horrid newspaper gabble, and the breaking of her engagement to Spottiswoode, and her marriage to Strangford (the editor of a radical, free-thinking magazine) it might all have caused the most devilish kind of a scandal."
"M—yes. And it hasn't; and the reason it hasn't, is ...?"

tor of a radical, free-thinking magazine) it niight all have caused the most devilish kind of a scandal."

"M—yes. And it hasn't; and the reason it hasn't, is . ?"

"That dear, magnificent old boy, Renwick Rathburne. He's just stood up and told the truth. No; I shouldn't say that, either, for he hasn't always 'stood up' and told it. He's lounged round this club and told it, on chairs and sofas, in hall and reading-room and library and dining-room. Everybody knows that he couldn't lie if he tried, and a big percentage of the men he's talked to have loved him like a brother. If he'd been the astutest schemer and plotter conceivable he couldn't have hit on a more effectual method of spiking slander's biggest and smallest guns. With his splendid, boyish, adorable simplicity he's built up a solid wall of fact that nobody but an idiot would dream of tearing down. Ah, what a sceptre such a popularity, such a position, such a universal esteem as that man possesses can become, when he once attempts to use it. The plain facts were there, and he bruited them abroad. He didn't only have the influential men on his side, either. Lots of the most powerful and exclusive women in town have long ago sworn by him. All he had to do, in his delightfully winning and convincing way, was to show these facts. I believe my wife would cut any woman of her acquaintance who dared to breathe an unkind word against the newly wedded Mrs. Adam Strangford."

"Yes, I shouldn't be surprised if my wife would do the same. And the facts, in a nutshell, were . . ?"

"In a nutshell they were this: Dorothea was robbed and abducted, over there near Highwood, and—But oh, though, you know all about that hateful business!

"Yes, of course we have. I didn't mean that. I was thinking of Spottiswoode. Did he really slink out of the engagement? You know, he says he didn't."

"He did precisely what Renwick Rathburne states he did. Don't you make the least mistake about that. He wanted the engagement postponed for a year, because a few mewspapers, as cowardly an

"And Dorothea straightway took up with this literary fellow."
"Renwick insists upon it that he's the best match in town. And it's really wonderful how well everybody speaks of Adam Strangford. To quote my wife again, who met him some time ago, when the Rathburnes brought him out, he's thoroughbred to his finger-tips. And, after all, provided he's a gentleman and likely to remain one, why shouldn't Renwick be pleased? He's only got that one girl to leave his millions to; and I fancy that by this time, with all that uptown property having increased as it's done, they must be four millions if they're a dime."

"And how about Spottiswoode? He didn't go abroad, did he, or anything of that sort? He's merely remained here and kept aloof from everybody."

"That's just the course he's taken. I don't envy him, with all his money. Do you?"

"By Jove, I do not. He's cut a very shabby figure, and unless I'm dead wrong he's going to be rather forcibly reminded of it. Still, I dare say the other girl will take him, now—if he asks her."

Cornelia Dominick, you mean?"

es." shouldn't be surprised if he did ask her to marry

"Yes."
"I shouldn't be surprised if he did ask her to marry him, now."

Old Mrs. Dominick was of the same belief. The news of the broken engagement had delighted her. Returning to town with Cornelia, she wrote her nephew, begging that he would pay her a visit. The answer came from a little out-of-the-way haunt on the Long Island coast. "I shall not be in town again till September," he wrote, "but then, dear Aunt Margaretta, I shall surely look you up at once."

He did, and Mrs. Dominick received him with the tenderest sympathy. She begged him to tell her the "entire story of his wrongs," as she herself compassionately phrased it; and with certain apocryphal embellishments in his narration which we will hope were unintentional, he granted the request.

"You were right—so right!" she declared, when he had finished. "But of course I can't even appear sorry, Gerard, that you've your freedom again, for I never thought Dorothea fitted to be your wife. You remember my feelings on this subject, do you not? It isn't so long ago since I candidly expressed them."

"I remember them perfectly," he said.

Mrs. Dominick glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was almost time for Cornelia, by prearrangement, to ring at the front door bell, be admitted, and then "accidentally" look into the drawing-room.

"Ah, she was never worthy of you, Gerard!" He felt the old lady's hand drop softly on his coat-sleeve. "Do you know, when the news first reached me, I said to myself: 'It is fate'?"

"Yate?". He started a little, then nodded. "Oh, I see."

"Yate?".. He started a little, then nodded. "Oh, I see."

"Afterward I said to Cornelia the same thing, my boy. You should have seen the rich, rosy flush that stole into her face. It was very lovely; it was very.. disclosing. It added to my hope. You know what that hope is—I have told you, my dear Gerard. I would die so much more happily if F were to die with a sense of its fulfilment!.. Cornelia may soon appear; she—she is so devoted to me that she seldom deserts me for very long. When she does come, Gerard, you will let me leave you and her alone together, will you not? I don't even suggest that anything decisive may occur yet —perhaps it may not occur for a good while yet. But still—"

!l—' "My dear aunt, it can never occur.' 'Spottiswoode had risen, and from a face which the v past weeks had thinned perceptibly and altered in a systill harder to explain, his gaze burned vivid and 'out.'

direct.

"Never?" faltered his aunt, looking up at him with her dim, sweet, expostulating eyes.

"No. I must say it. I shall never marry. I loved Dorothea; I love her still; I shall go on loving her till I die. Possibly that is my punishment. There are those who would now assert, no doubt, that I'm deserving of punishment. . Well, if they're right I'll certainly receive it—and in full, unstinted measure!"

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Strangford had meanwhile sailed for Europe, and now were traveling, in a leisurely and most delightful way, through Italy, from the Appenings to Naples, and with an idea of either Nice, Sicily or Al giers when the weather grew colder. They had not yet concluded just which it should be.

Dorothea was so happy that she sometimes looked at the prodigal Italian sunshine through a sudden, half-blinding mist.

Once, in a room of their hotel at Florence, after several hours which they had spent among the great galleries of art, Strangford caught her with a large telltale tear on either cheek.

He seized both her hands and stared into her face.

"You wanted to dash those tears away with your handkerchief. I saw the gesture. Come, now; don't prevaricate. What is it? Tell me—tell me, this instant!"

stant!"
She let her head droop till it rested on his shoulder.
"First of all, Adam," she murmured, "it's a realization of exquisite, absolute happiness—here, in this lovely
land, with you!"
"Well?" he said, almost gruffly, though his lips

land, with you!"
"Well?" he said, almost gruffly, though his lips
touched the light-tinted undulance of her hair. "What

"Oh, if you please, it's worriment about your uncle."
"But, Dorothea! He was so much better when I left him, and really delighted at the idea of my going!"
"True. But I know you bother about him in his loneliness."

him, and really delighted at the idea of my going!"

"True. But I know you bother about him in his loneliness."

"Suppose I do. Well, then, now for your 'thirdly."

"Your review, Adam. I feel how you hate to be away from it! You mean to keep it up, no matter what papa does for us, and he's already been so generous to us, hasn't he?"

"Your father has made you a rich woman. I'm seeing Italy because of his liberality and—yours."

"Adam! As if I hadn't begged you to let me settle on you every dollar—"

"Never mind that, dearest. You've begged, and you've been mercilessly repulsed."

"Say 'snubbed,' if you please."

"I'm not so uncivil. . As for the review—well, I am a trifle haunted by it. . But still, that clever young sub-editor of mine will conduct things very capably, I think, in my absence. . Come now, Dorothea, is there a 'fourthly?"

"Oh, no," she said, and shot up from her chair, and took his head between her hands, and kissed it on brow and temples. Then she drew back from him, and slightly stamped her foot, and lifted one finger with mock monition in its quick pulsations.

"Yes, there is a 'fourthly,' 'she exclaimed.

"Well, out with it."

She threw her arms round his neck, and whispered it in his ear.

"Bah,' he said, at length, sedate of look as ever, yet faintly smiling. "A million slanders could not have made me love you either more or less. . Do you remember what I said, that evening, at Highwood, when I did not dream Gerard Spottiswoode was listening?"

"Yes, Adam—yes! I remember it only too well!"

"What more, then, can I say?"

"What more, then, can I say?"

"Nothing tenderer, nobler, sweeter, manlier—noth-ing!"

"Then let me kiss away those two big tears, for y've made two big blots on your cheeks, and with all respect, dearest, they're terribly unbecoming." "Adam," broke the ardent answer, "they were born yof my perfect happiness, as I told you when you questioned me of their cause."

FRENCH STYLES IN HATS AND BONNETS.

FRENCH STYLES IN HATS AND BONNETS.

FRENCH millinery! Magic words! which, even if uttered in the howling wilderness, would conjure up before the mind's eye—female mind's eye, bien entendu—delightful visions of those airy bits of prettiness with which the Parisian modiste knows better than any other how to emphasize and embellish the charms of woman. Talk of the lever of Archimedes! It would not be "in it"—when it came to turning the world upside down—with a French hat on the right woman's head. An indescribable, elusive charm lurks in these poetic confections of flowers, feathers, laces, birds, gay ribbons, fluttering aigrettes and nodding ospreys. You may try in vain to imitate it, much less to capture its secret. You may labor all day with the daintiest and costliest materials, and bring an artist's eye and skillful workwoman's hand to your task, but in the end your production looks stiff, heavy, characterless beside the light, piquant, coquettish and meaningful chapeau or capote of French origin.

A few choice models from leading French millinery.

gin.

A few choice models from leading French millinery rlors are reproduced here. The pretty large bat, No. is of burnt straw, with a steel buckle right across the out fastening a lace bow which is edged at the top



with a tiny plait of black chiffon; on the crown is a smaller steel buckle and another bow of the cream lace again edged with chiffon, while the brim turns up at the back, showing a gorgeous mass of shaded pink roses. The dainty capote shown in No. 2 is of fanciful straw with clumps of violets all down one side and a wreath of pink roses at the other, while a bunch of pink roses stands erect. The big hat of fancy black straw in No. 3 has a wide brim cut in tabs, and between this is black accordion-plaited lisse. The crown is high and small, and is trimmed with yellow chiné ribbon bows and large black feathers curiously placed. The tuft on the top of the feathers curiously placed. The tuft on the top of the crown is a novel notion. The fourth hat shown is of



No. 3.

No. 4.

AN END-OF-THE-CENTURY JOURNALIST.

AN END-OF-THE-CENTURY JOURNALIST.

HE advent of Mr. John R. McLean to New York journalism, as owner of the Morning Journal, has been widely heralded by the press throughout the country, and seems to be generally regarded as an event of unusual importance not only in the newspaper world, but in the domain of practical politics. While owning and managing the Cincinnati Enquirer Mr. McLean has for several years resided in Washington, where he has large financial interests, and where Enquirer representatives are said to have enjoyed a close-touch acquaintance in the more exclusive social, official and diplomatic circles; and his coming to the metropolis is no doubt another step in the direction he has pursued since the beginning of his newspaper career, a short sketch of which may be of interest at this time.

When Mr. John R. McLean took the active management of the Enquirer from his father, Mr. Washington McLean, early in the Seventies, that journal was second, if not third, in point of news enterprise in the Queen City. It was generally understood that, before assuming the active management, the young man had entered the Enquirer office and mastered every detail of the business, from the printer's case to the counting-room; also that when he took the helm he was absolute master on board. The boldest stroke of the new Enquirer was the constant, persistent advocacy of a third term for General Grant, during almost the entire time between the seating of President Hayes and the nomination of Garfield. All this time the New York Herald bristled day after day with its phillippics against Caesarism. The wisdom, as well as the boldness, of this stroke on the part of the Enquirer was apparent when the internal Republican quarrel between the stalwarts and antistalwarts led afterward to the election of Grover Cleveland; for though a Democratic newspaper through and through the Enquirer came to be a rather favorite journal among Republicans who found more about their great family quarrel in its columns than elsewhere.

Mr. M

from the start on journalistic lines and theories which have led to success, not because they have been carefully developed and conservatively worked out. The attractive presentation of the news, with no side lines—that would interfere with this—has been his constant aim. He carried this plan to such an extent that the Enquirer frequently appeared without as much as a half-column of editorials. In the body of the paper, however, every issue had such a variety of interviews and speculations on the probabilities of public affairs, from all classes of prominent men, that an average editorial would be very heavy indeed, either as entree or dessert.

Mr. McLean is president of the Washington Gas Light Company and has been, generally, very successful in his pursuit of wealth. He is a social favorite and very popular among his associates. For a man who has such facilities for being otherwise, he has managed with rare tact to keep to the private station, except in so far as he has been at times credited with Senatorial and other aspirations. It is probably the fact that those things might assail him, as they do the best of us, if he only had time; but the demands of business evidently take precedence of all others with him.

A newspaper is, first of all, a business enterprise and is not—on the McLean theory—run for anybody's health or amusement. For this reason, it is safe to conclude that the Enquirer, a five-cent paper, which has been publishing short ads not of a business nature free for many years, must have been making money by it, and the fate of the same kind of a free-ads scheme in New York with a two-cent Journal will be watched with interest by other publishers. But the prominent characteristic of Mr. McLean's journalistic career has been his shrewdness, his cool clear-headeness, and his usual holding of a good hand, or of a good hand to draw to; hence the chances are that his move to New York and the journalistic household goods he has moved with him were carefully considered and very carefully selected befo

scoffer at reform, and a straight-out Democratic newspaper.

Mr. McLean is finely educated, is in the prime of life and finds himself at present in New York on the threshold of a really national prominence in the newspaper world. With abundant means, unusual business ability, and surrounded by a staff of energetic and brainy editors, correspondents and heads of departments, Mr. John R. McLean is likely to make his influence felt in metropolitan and national politics. He has offered the opposition a fair, stand-up fight, without reservations, and everybody likes a fair fighter. There is plenty of room for him in New York.—(See front page.)

THE SAETERMAIDEN'S SONG.

HALLEE! Halloo! O say, can'st

Hallee! Halloo! Now lift up thy face, lad.

face, lad,
And hasten apace, lad,
Hallee! Halloo!
To speed our meeting,
The rock's repeating
My love's glad greeting Hallee! Hal

Hallee! Halloo! Come up to the height, lad, the dusk of the night, lad, Hallee! Halloo!

ading on the mountain height, calling through her low
we horn, to her lover who is moving in the valley below.)
Halloo! O say, can'st
hear me? Through shadows failing,
hear me? Through rivers brawling
er to cheer me: May'st hear me calling:
Halloo! Halloo!

Hallee! Halloo! the herdsmen are singing,
The cattle-bells ringing
Hallee! Halloo!
The kine are lowing.
The glaciers glowing.
Soft breezes blowing:
Hallee! Halloo!

Formula Halloo! Soon will cover:
Fond maid, fond lover:
Halloe! Halloo!
Why art thou waiting,
The tryst belating,
While birds are mating?
Hallee! Halloo!

- HJALMAR H. Hal-lee! Halloo! Soon darkness will cover HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN,

* A Saeter is a mountain chalet where the Norwegian peasant girls spend their summer, pasturing the cattle, $\bullet \bullet \blacktriangleleft$

QUEEN VICTORIA never makes purchases in a shop, but has everything brought to her. There was much gossip in St. Petersburg some time ago over the new Czar's unprecedented act of going into a store with his wife to buy gloves. The Austrian Empress seldom goes into a store in Vienna, but is very fond of shopping when she can do so without being recognized on her travels.

He—"Are you afraid of thunder-storms, Miss Daisy?"
She—"Oh, yes, dreadfully."
He—"I should think you would be, you are so attractive."

You would think that there is a premium offered for fools; there are so many who lose no opportunity for being foolish.

SUMMER HOMES AND TOURS

FIRST LOVES OF JOSEPHINE:

FATHER, MOTHER, AND ISLAND HOME BY FREDERICK A. OBER.

ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE

TROPICAL morning of January, 1762.

As the sun rose from the Atlantic he found a green island interposed between himself and the summits wreathed in vapory clouds.

This verdant mountain mass was Martinique, fairest of the many isles that lie, crescent-like, between the ocean of storms and the sea of calms. One dark and dreadful day in the Age of Fire it had been upheaved from slimy ocean depths; its primal rocks, for centuries, had been beat upon by tropic sun and washed in torrential rains; slowly, during acons of time, it had gathered to itself the garment of verdure now enwrapping it. Heat, the great alchemist; moisture, the universal solvent of Nature, had combined to prepare its soil for the reception and retention of seeds and germs of plant-life, brought thither by birds, by the winds that swept its surface. The deep and gloomy valleys, the sloping hill-sides, even the mountain summits, were finally covered with a carpet of emerald, embossed with shrubs and trees.

How many ages it lay there desolate, between shining

with a carpet of emerald, embossed with shrubs and trees.

How many ages it lay there desolate, between shining sea and gloomy ocean—who can tell? No one knows when first the primogenial life began: the first flutter of wings, the primitive pulse-beat of sentient organisms. But one day this paradise was invaded by aboriginal man. He 'may have reached it drifting upon a giant tree, wrenched from some forest by the hurricane; or he may have come in his rude canoe, hewn from cedar or ceiba. That he came from the South, from the region of the Orinoco or the Amazons, we have reasons for believing; but we only know that the man found in possession by Europeans, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, was of the type then new to the Old World and called Indian.

Columbus found here, in the last decade of that century which gave America into the keeping of civilized man, the Carib cannibals.

So fierce were these barbarous Indians, so active in

man, the Carlo cannibals.
So fierce were these barbarous Indians, so active in the defense of their adopted home and hunting grounds,



THE OLD KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH JOSEPHINE WAS BORN.

breeze drifted by them. They looked up: the cloud had been dissipated by the breeze. The white woman rose to her feet and strove to penetrate the mists that still clung about the nearer hills. She started, gasped. looked again—and then fell into the supporting arms of her attendants.

The Lilies of France no longer waved above the fort! "Mon Dieu!" she murmured, "the fort is taken. Our friends are killed or captured. And Joseph, my husband—is he, too, among the slain!"

The little group descended the now sunny slope of the hill, to the plantation-house at its foot, there to await tidings from the fort across the bay.

The bride of but little more than a month, Mme. Tascher de la Pagerie, had been compelled to part with her husband a week previous to the battle, when he was ordered to assist at the defense of Fort de France. As Lieutenant of the forces, he could not shirk his duty to the common Government. Loyal and patriotic, yet it was with tears and with reluctance that he left his bride in the charge of their servants and hastened to answer the imperative call to arms. Daily he had sent news to her, by special messengers, as he directed the erection of earthworks behind the town, scarped the hillsides commanding the bay, and inspired the troops with his own spirit of patriotism. But now, for two days, no messenger had been able to reach the plantation, isolated as it was among the hills and beyond the bay swept by the guns of the enemy.

Although almost overborne by her grief and anxiety, Mme. Tascher could not yield to the desire for rest and seclusion, but was obliged to attend to the affairs of the plantation with its one hundred and fifty dependent slaves. Two days passed; the third day had nearly come to its close when a negro galloped up the palm-bordered avenue leading from the landing, shouting incoherently. Standing in the southern doorway above the rose garden, following the direction indicated by the negro's wildly waving arm, Mme. Tascher saw another horseman approaching, and a few minutes later

Finding the demands of his large properties sufficient to occupy all his time, Lieutenant Tascher resigned his commission in the army and devoted himself entirely to agricultural occupations. His principal estate was this on which he and his bride had taken up their residence, and which had come to them as her dower—the beautiful valley of Sannois-la-Pagerie, near the little hamlet of Trois-Het.

Acres unsurveyed lay spread out upon the hills adjacent; the valley itself penetrated far into the interior. All, all within their sight was theirs, stretching from the quiet waters of the bay to the crests of the distant hills. Not only the soil, rich and covered with an exuberant vegetation, belonged to them, but the entire population of some one hundred and fifty slaves. Here they lived happily, surrounded by their dependents, exercising a beneficent sway over the negroes, and entertaining their friends when they chanced to visit from the near town of Fort Royal and the further city of St. Pietre.

Two happy and precedyl ywars followed the capture.

Two happy and peaceful years followed the capture of the island by the English. In the cultivation of his vast estate, with its billowy fields of sugar cane and fragrant groves of coffee, M. de Tascher passed the time, outwardly tranquil, yet inwardly disturbed by the reflection that he and his family were subjects of an alien Government. His father, the first of the name in America, had come to this island of Martinique in the year 1726. That he was a personage of rank appears from his request, four years later, for the registration of his Letters of Nobility—a formality which the noblemen

coming to the Antilles never omitted. His request was granted, but not till 1745; and meanwhile, in the year 1734, he had been united in marriage to Mile. de la Chevalerie, a young lady belonging to a wealthy family of the island.

A son was born to them. Joseph Gaspard de la Pagerie, who was sent to be educated in France. This young man, returning to Martinique in 1755, was appointed First Lieutenant of Artillery, and actively engaged in the erection of batteries at Fort Royal, then the chief port, and refitting station, of the island. He aided in a repulse of the English forces under General Moore in 1759, and, as we have seen, took an active part in the defense of Fort Royal during the second assault, in 1762. He formed an alliance with a wealthy family of Martinique—following the example of his illustrious father—in November, 1761, by marriage with a beautiful Creole, Mile. Rose Clair des Vergers de Sannois. Through her he came into possession of the estate of Sannois, to which he retired, at about the age of twenty-seven, there to reside during the remainder of his life.

Absorbed as this happy couple became in the multitudinous cares of the "great house" (as the dwelling of a West Indian proprietor is called) and the acres adjacent, they perpetually recurred to the one irritant of their otherwise placid existence—the floating of a foreign flag above the fort.

As devoted children and lovers of La Belle France their existence was embittered by this reflection, and by the thought that their children, should they be blessed with any, would be born beneath an alien flag.

Fortune, however, still continued favoring. There came a day when M. Tascher was made supremely happy by the information that a daughter had been born to blim. And, coincident with this announcement came the faint report of cannon from across the bay. Fort Royal was rejoicing over the re-cession of Martinique. The cloud lifted from the planter's brow. His daughter was a child of France!

HER FIRST DECADE.

HER FIRST DECADE.

This daughter of the Creole planter, whose birth was thus auspiciously announced by the salvos of returning peace, was none other than she who became subsequently celebrated as JOSEPHINE.

The treaty of peace, by which Martinique, among other colonial possessions, had been restored to France, was signed on the 12th of February, 1763. A warship brought the news to Fort Royal. The final transfer of troops and the installation of the new Governor took place in June, on the 23d of which month Josephine was born. The planter and his wife desired a son; and to veil their disappointment they bestowed upon the new arrival the name so henorably borne by the father and grandfather. The child was christened Maric-Joseph-Rose, thus combining and perpetuating the baptismal names of her grandfather, grandmother, father and mother—Marie Joseph Rose Tascher de la Pagerie. This formidable appellation was soon abbreviated to Josephine, around which, since, have clustered all the synonyms for beauty, grace and winsomeness.

synonyms for beauty, grace and winsomeness.

Six years later, in the island of Corsica, was born one with whom the name of Josephine is inseparably linked—Napoledox.

Napoleon and Josephine; we cannot but pause a moment to note the parallelisms in the great events of their lives.

Both were island-born; the one in a rock-ribbed isle of the Mediterranean, the other in a tropic segment of the Caribbean crescent. Both first saw the light soon after the accession of their native land to France; and both have been wrongfully accused of being but the adopted children of that country.*

Both early sought the shores of the mother-land; but both ever retained their love for the place of their birth, returning to it when in trouble and maintaining an affection for its people.

Their happiest years were those of their youth, and passed in the retreats of Nature, free from strife and turmoil. To them they constantly recurred, with long-

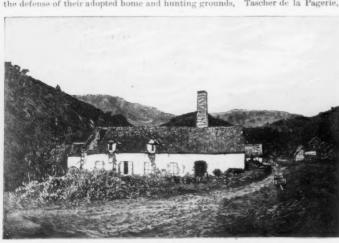


CHURCH WHERE JOSEPHINE WAS BAPTISED.

ing and in loving remembrance; but, urged by ambition, they pursued a course counter to the dictates of their affections.

Each was twice married; once for love, once to gratify ambition. Each retained the other in esteem to the last, despite the estrangement of their latter years.

But to return to that eventful day, the 23d of June, is. Joy and gladness filled the hearts of the planter



DE LA PAGERIE-THE SUCRERIE

that for many years after the so-called discovery the island remained in their possession. Then the French adventurers, the sea-rovers and buccaneers, attracted by the beauty and fertility of the island, colonized it, toward the middle of the seventeenth century. Gradually the Caribs withdrew from the rich coast lands to the mountain valleys, finally disappearing altogether. Their place was filled with black men, brought from Africa, and the groans of slaves rose where hitherto only the voices of freedmen had been heard. The French planters prospered, their great estates covering the lowlands; their slaves multiplied; their prosperity attracted the attention of their enemies.

During the long and bloody struggle for supremacy between France and England, their colonial possessions suffered infinitely more than the home countries. The scene of conflict was shifted from sea to sea, from ocean to ocean; finally these gems of the Caribbean Sea were enwrapped in the smoke of battles. England, having already colonized and taken many of the choicest islands, eventually fell upon Martinique. Her fleet approached its shores; the whole island was alarmed; planters and slaves, alike animated by love of their beautiful country, hastened to its defense.

A morning in January, 1762.

Upon the summit of a hill overlooking the deep bay of Fort Royal stood a fair and delicate woman of some twenty-five years. Behind her a group of slaves, colored women from her home beneath the hill, as anxiously as she regarded the scene spread out before them. The deep valley at their feet was filled with shadows; a peaked morne cast its black counterpart across the intervening vale and fell aslant the hill. The morning air was cool, and breathed of peace; but across the placid waters of the bay, less than five miles away, arose the smoke of conflict. The English fleet had approached the shore; the grim walls of Fort Royal were bristling with guns, already belching forth volumes of smoke.

Boats from the fleet were striving for a landing; at fi

^{*} Corsica was annexed to France in June, 1769; Napoleon born 15th of August.

and his wife. Writing to her sister, a week later, Mmede la Pagerie expressed her great gratitude to God for "His gift of a daughter." And she hoped the child would possess all the most agreeable and loving traits of

"His gift of a daughter." And she hoped the child would possess all the most agreeable and loving traits of both ancestral families.

That her desires were gratified, at least in this regard, history has assured us; no more loving and winsome infant, later developing into a graceful and sympathetic girl and mother, ever gladdened the heart of hopeful parent.

The Creole nature is one of complaisance; yet the surroundings of a child of wealthy parents, in those days of slavery, were not conducive to deferential deportment. Slave women waited on the child from birth, their children also at its service, night and day.

Hereditary influences and climatic conditions conduced to shape the little Creole into a perfect type of her class. She was unfettered by clothes and unrestrained by commands. As the tropical sun evokes from the soil an exuberance of vegetation to which the colder regions are strangers, so, too, the solar energy here manifests itself in the ardency of the human temperament.

The Creole is more volatile, less restrained, more passionate, and given to lighter play of fancy than the dweller at the North. And this quality is more than temperamental; it is physical also. The Creole—that is, the descendant of Europeans born in the tropics—has a delicacy of figure and litheness of limb, a grace and freedom of movement that compensates for the loss of robustness and perhaps of virility. Free from the restraints of clothing, in earliest youth, the body develops along natural lines and the limbs become models of symmetry.

Such a "child of the sun," a creature of love, laughter

stong utural miles and the sun, "a creature of love, laughter and careless gayety was the youthful Josephine. As soon as she could walk outside the doors of the "great house" she became the favorite companion of the slave-children who swarmed about the establishment. Or, rather, they became her devoted adherents, guiding her



WATERFALL ON ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE

footsteps, watching over her every movement. She was really a queen before she could talk, an empress in fact before she ever saw the shores of France. Accustomed to have her lightest fancy taken seriously, to have her orders obeyed as soon as uttered, she was in danger of becoming imperious and selfish. Only her native sweetness saved her—the innate and surpassing graciousness of her disposition. There is a tradition of a sister, a year older than herself, but the records of the little church where she was baptized did not confirm it. At all events, she had no sisterly companion with whom to join in play, and was chiefly thrown upon the resources afforded by the colored children about the place until five or six years of age. There was freedom enough—room enough in which to expand, to develop, to indulge in romp or ramble.

The planter's house was situated upon a natural terrace, escarped from the side of a steep hill. Behind it rose the hills that swung around the head of the valley and cut off the view in that direction. But in front the ground sloped toward the sea, to which led a broad and straight avenue of magnificent palms. What a creation of Art and Nature combined was that avenue of palms! Their trunks were straight as arrows, and over one hundred feet in height; their verdant crowns met and interlaced above the road.

Between the house and the palm avenue lay the rose garden, filled with plants that bloomed perpetually; their fragrance invaded and made delicious the atmosphere of the dwelling. A fruit garden rambled around the outer edge of this paradise of roses, straggled over the slopes, and finally lost itself in the depths of the valley, out of which tumbled a brawling stream. In the dry season this stream was a mere babbling brook, drawing its thread of silver over the broad and rocky bed; when the rains came, it fumed and roared, fighting its way between the tree-trunks and carrying some of them off with it to the sea. When in its normal condition it held many a peaceful pool in its embrace, r

color, the gnarled branches adorned with bursting balls of silken floss—which give the name to the tree. This buttressed giant stood protectingly above the pool, interposing its broad arms with their drapery between it and the sky.

color, the gnarled branches adorned with bursting balls of silken floss—which give the name to the tree. This buttressed giant stood protectingly above the pool, interposing its broad arms with their drapery between it and the sky.

The glorious palms and the silk-cottons were the Titans of this tropical world in miniature, towering so high above their fellows that all others were dwarfed by comparison. Beneath them grew the mango and guava, the custard-apple, aspote, the banana, orange, plantain, calabash, and a hundred others. Fruits were in abundance all the year through. The golden-fruited mango shaded the valley veranda and dropped its delicious morsels for the little girl to find. The same tree, or one of its descendants, still casts its shade over the ground where Josephine played with her companions. On the hill-slopes gleamed-the yellow cane, in the gorges grew the glossy-leaved coffee, with its crimson fruit. Tangles of vine and serpentine line made barriers at the mouths of the ravines and hung their festoons around the trees. But this Happy Valley was not without its evil things. Beneath the luxuriant growth of vine and shrub lurked many dangers. Within the house itself were venomous and hideous insects, hiding beneath the floors and in holes and corners. There was always danger of disturbing an enormous centipede, with its hundred feet distilling venom, its scaly back and poisonous mandibles. This island is its peculiar haunt, and here it attains to a length of many inches. Rapid of movement as anything that crawls, it flashes upon your sight an instant, then is gone. It hides in your clothing, and if disturbed pricks its poison into your flesh, leaving behind a burning fever. Or the tarantula, which here is surcharged with venom, and is found so large that its hairy legs can spread across a saucer. Scorpions, too, share with the centipedes the soft and rotting wood, and hide beneath chips, dead leaves and even cast-off clothing. Ants in great variety, some of them capable of inflicting burning sti

A REAL MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

A REAL MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

A SA S. BUSHNELL, the Republican candidate for though he was born in New York, Mr. Bushnell went to Ohio at so early a date that the distinction of being born here just suffices to round off his Ohio bringing-up and continued residence into a very strong combination. He is the eldest son of Daniel and Harriet Bushnell, and was born in Oneida County, this State, September 16, 1834. His early boyhood was spent in Cincinnati, until 1851, when he removed to Springfield, O., where he has continued to reside. His first three years in the "Champion City," then a quaint, old-fashioned, yet quite aristocratic county seat, were spent as dry goods clerk. The old water-wheel manufacturing firm of Leffel, Cook & Blakeney, a very extensive concern at that time even in Ohio, then secured his services as bookkeeper. In 1857 he formed a partnership with Dr. John Ludlow in the drug business, at which he continued until 1867. During these sixteen years it is safe to say that everybody in Springfield knew Asa Bushnell, from the school children to the most prominent citizen. There were not a great many people in the town, all told, to be sure; but they all were for him—glad to see him coming on the same side of the street—and none were against him. The sight and presence of him were good and cheerful and tonic.

The break in these sixteen years was while he was Captain Bushnell, who recruited and took to the front Company E of the One Hundred and Fifty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was with his "boys" in the Shenandoah Valley under Hunter in 1864; and his coming home from the war did not hurt him, you may be sure, in that exceptionally Union town. It was sone time before he lost his Captaincy. The older residents would never have him spoken of under any other title. His sterling bravery and popularity as a soldier in those days are recalled by his present active and efficient interest in all that concerns the welfare of the surviving veterans of the Civil War. He is prominent in the affairs of the Gr

stion, are making their final bivouac. Each Memorial Day the first flowers of the growing year are gathered for them, and the now modern city, so wealthy, so self-contained, and so tenderly non-forgetful, turns out to make them as loving a visit as the growing year will allow. The speakers address them from an iron speaker of its kind, and it is the very practical and appropriate begit of its kind, and it is the very practical and appropriate begit of its kind, and it is the very practical and appropriate begit of a sa Bushnell. Practical and appropriate begit of the speaker is the statue, the flowers even, and the military salute over the grave every time one of these worn marchers falls by the way in these times of peace—have their important places, but the voice of the speaker is the true channel of the heart speaking to heart, to tell the story of liberty fought and died for—and by the voice of cloquence shall these memories be made more and more dear. From the speaker's stand liberty went out to conquer, and from it also shall the survivors and beneficiaries of the Civil War take home with them every Memorial Day that feeling and impulse which, in spite of mere brains, still rule the world.

When Mr. Bushnell made choice of the grand speaker's stand—of modern structure and design—he showed that his memory of old comradeship has a practical side. His interest in the hustling little city where he has lived and prospered for nearly half a century takes the same practical turn. At one time he gave a patrol wagon and team of horses to the city. Then he erected at his own expense a public bronze drinking fountain, a very fine work of art indeed. To secure the location of the Ohio Masonic Home near Springfield he donated ten thousand dollars. That was before he became a Mason, though he is now in the thirty-second degree.

In 1867 he became connected with the great Reaper firm at the suburb of Lagonda, now known as the Warder, Bushnell & Glessner Company. Since the death of the late Benjamin H. Warder, Mr. Bushne



BUSHNELL

not be counted on to help toward a Republican majority in the Legislature, Mr. Bushnell as chairman of the State Executive Committee went to work and finally achieved the unprecedented result of a Republican Legislature without that help. From 1886 to 1890 he served as State Quartermaster-General, having been appointed by Governor Foraker. He was a delegate-at-large to the National Convention of 1892. In all of his steps upward, politically, Mr. Bushnell has been the spontaneous choice of his fellow-Republicans. His work within the party has been freely given, manly and straightforward. Standing now, as he does, in the most honored position the citizens of a State can offer any fellow-citizen, it can be truly said that he has earned it, not only as a Republican, but as a man and a citizen.

It is perplexing to those among us who have known or known of such sterling men as Asa S. Bushnell, why the people do not oftener try what they are made of in very high official positions. When a man, after nearly thirty years in a successful industrial enterprise of great magnitude, finds himself in the full maturity of his powers at the age of sixty, as Mr. Bushnell does, he no doubt finds himself also very strong and able—perhaps anxious—to give these late years of ripe judgment and knowledge of men to the service of his country.

It is no disrespect to other eminent American citizens

ment and knowledge of men to the service of his country.

It is no disrespect to other eminent American citizens to say that few of them have ever had the opportunity enjoyed by these great industrial chieftains of getting close to the thoughts and aspirations of the people, of cultivating discipline and enforcing it, of that self-command that goes before successful command of others, and of cultivating, in general, that executive talent so necessary, particularly in high official position under a representative form of government.

Whatever his future may be, Hon. Asa S. Bushnell is reasonably certain of being the next Governor of Ohio. He comes of vigorous stock and must have, in the course of nature, some fifteen or twenty years ahead of him yet. If the best and the choicest honors—and the weightiest and most responsible—come to him from the people, we can be sure of two things: Nobody—absolutely nobody—will be sorry; and the honors will come through means that manhood, courage, and truth will approve.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has ed for children with never-failing success. It corrects acid e stomach, relieves wind colle, regulates the bowels, curse dia hether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well medy. Twenty-fave ets. a bottle.

THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON.

THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON.

BY GENERAL A. W. GREELY, U.S.A.

"HE past two years have seen a revival of efforts to reach the North Pole, so far with indifferent success. Indeed this may be said to be one of the few geographic problems that this generation bids fair to leave unsolved for the coming twentieth century. It should not be thought that this age has not done its proportionate share in what may be called the progressive solution of this feat. From the Spitzbergen voyage of Henry Hudson in 1607 to that of Captain Phipps, afterward Lord Mulgrave, in 1773, the absolute advance toward the Pole amounted to only twenty-five geographic miles, from 80° 23' N., to 80° 48' N. latitude, the latter position being the most northerly known point attained up to the beginning of this century. The intervening distance between Phipp's latitude and the North Pole was five hundred and lifty-two geographical miles. The efforts of Parry, 1827, Markham (of the Nares' expedition), 1876, and Lockwood (of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition), 1882, have gradually reduced this distance by nearly thirty per centum, and from Lockwood's furthest 83° 24' N. but three hundred and ninety-six miles remain untraversed.

As we have passed from the sail to the screw-propller, and from the horse to the railway, so now we are gradually passing into the domain of electricity. We even aspire to control the kingdom of the air as we dominate the land and sea, and, among other aeronautic triumphs, not a few enthusiasts aspire to reach the North Pole. The turning to the balloon as a means of reaching the hitherto inaccessible parts of the carth is not, however, a matter of to-day only, but has been more or less exploited in popular ways for a quarter of a century.

In 1865 the London Aeronautical Society was organized, its first president being the Duke of Argyle.

Sorbonne, theoretically demonstrated the mechanical possibility of reaching the North Pole by balloon, and a few years later, in 1874, Sivel made a similar announcement.

In 1865 the London Aeronautical Society was organized, its first president being the Duke of Argyle, whose researches on the flight of birds aroused much interest in that subject. In 1879, the society of the society, Mr. Breasey, in an address in London, dwelt on the value of balloons for polar research. He instanced the great Giffard balloon of 1869, which, inflated by pure hydrogen, was capable of raising sixteen tons weight. Success, in Breasey's opinion, turned on the question whether the leakage or other loss of gas would exceed the daily consumption of supplies by the traveling party. Glaisher, whose remarkable and extended aeronautic experiences are well known, mentioned the advantages that would result to an Arctic traveling party from the use of a balloon, especially as from an altitude of a thousand feet or more the view of distant regions would materially extend the field of discovery. The discussion at this time was inconclusive as to the advisability of Arctic voyagers depending on balloons alone. Later, in 1880, an experimental balloon voyage was made by Mr. Henry Coxwell, who was sanguine that a balloon could travel horizontally near the earth in the manner advanced—with drag-ropes, etc. Coxwell's voyage, to make evident the wisdom of using this means of travel to reach the Pole, covered quite a part of England, the descent being made near Exeter, but the journey was unmarked by any special experiences either for or against the plan.

Among the most enthusiastic members of the London Aeronautic Society was Commander John P. Cheyne, Royal Navy, who had served as a lieutenant under Sir Edward Beicher, in the Franklin Search Expedition, 1852-54. Cheyne was strongly convinced that the balloon was the only way of reaching the Pole, and in 1880 he projected an expedition, which the Aeronautic Association urged on the Royal Geographica

inflated with pure hydrogen, the balloon was calculated to have an ascensional power of thirty-three thousand pounds.

An interior balloon of one-fifth the cubical size of the exterior envelope was to regulate the inflation of the main balloon. Lost gas was to be replaced from sixteen subsidiary balloons that were to be attached to the main airship. Wire drag-ropes of great weight were to trail along the surface of the sea, i.e., or ground, as the case might be, so as to retain the balloon near the earth and permit photographic surveys of the regions passed over.

The usual basket was replaced by a steel-framed unsinkable apartment, wherein were to be carried the three explorers, dogs, sledges, food, arms, etc., weighing about thirty thousand pounds. This balloon voyage, which was announced for May, 1893, has not materialized to this date.

The next candidate for Arctic honors by an aerial voyage was Dr. A. de Bausset of Chicago, who discarded the balloon for an aeroplane or airship. The cylindrical steel ship was to depend for its ascensional force on a partial vacuum, varying from one-half to two-thirds of exhaustion, which was to be regulated by pneumatic pumps. The operating power was to be by electrical motors, deriving the power from storage batteries, and the horizontal movement to be secured by compound exhausting air-screws. It was announced that the aeroplane would start June 1, 1888, but Congressional aid was ineflectually sought, and private means were equally unattainable.

The latest aspirant for traveling to the North Pole by balloon is M. Andree, a Swedish engineer who has had

equally unattainable.

The latest aspirant for traveling to the North Pole by balloon is M. Andree, a Swedish engineer who has had some aeronautic experience, once crossing the Gulf of Bothnia in this way. It is stated that King Oscar will

searche eight thorough dollars toward the expenses of the pierroy, road that Problems Switz Elizotts, via control of the problems of the probl

GENERAL impression prevails among women that the summer is a grand time to practice economy in dress, materials being then so cheap, and heavy linings and costly trinmings being quite dispensable. The individual experience of any woman aspiring to "smartness" is, however, in direct contradiction with this conclusion. She makes the annual discovery that her summer frocks cost in the end quite as much as her winter ones. In the first place, she requires twice as many of the former as of the latter, and as they are usually made of delicate washing fabrics, the laundress's weekly bill must be added to the dressmaker's in counting their cost. The woman who is skillful enough to make her own frocks is the only one who really profits by the advantages of the season. To her summer is indeed an economical season, and she can rejoice in the possession of a great number of frocks by the judicious expenditure of a ten-dollar bill, supplemented by the exercise of a little taste and industry. With good patterns to work from, it becomes a pleasure instead of a labor to make pretty new gowns, especially when the materials are light and cool to handle, and there is little or no pressing with hot irons required. ONCE A WEEK receives many satisfactory assurances from subscribers who have tried its patterns of their excellence, and would therefore urge those who have not done so to send for some as soon as possible.

The ladies' costume, consisting of Waist 6452 and Skirt 6442, is of plisse crepon, in red and purple tints, richly trimmed with butter-colored insertion over yellow satin ribbon, a combination that is at once very unique and very striking. The fashionable skirt hangs softly without lining, being shaped to accommodate these pretty soft summer fabrics. The gores hang gracefully, flaring to fashionable width at the lower edge. The front and sides fit smoothly at the top, the back being gathered into a small space on each side of the placket in the centere. The full waist is neatly arranged over linings, fitted with



6452-LADIES' WAIST

6452—LADIES' WAIST
6442—LADIES' SKIRT
the customary darts and seams, and the
closing is made in the centre front invisibly. The blouse front is slightly gathered
at the neck and arranged at the waistline
to fall over in blouse fashion. The back
is gathered at the neck and waist, being
drawn snugly over the lining, the smooth
under-arm gore separating the front and
back. A crush belt of yellow satin encircles the waist. Full-topped gigot sleeves
fit the arm closely below the elbow, being
stylishly arranged over comfortably fitted
linings. The mode is particularly well
adapted to summer wash fabrics, from
which the ribbon can easily be removed
when cleaned. Pretty silk, crepon, cashmere, and fancy silk and wool materials
will also be suitable, insertion, ribbon,
velvet, gimp or passementerie being used
for decoration. The hat is of yellow straw
trimmed with black ostrich tips. Waist
6452 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38
and 40 inches bust measure. Skirt 6442
is cut in five sizes: viz., 22, 24, 26, 28 and
30 inches waist measure.

Dainty and dressy are the stylish yoke

and 40 inches outst measure. Sart 6442 is cut in five sizes: viz., 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

Dainty and dressy are the stylish yoke collars now worn with all kinds of waists and blouses. These can be easily made up at home at small expense, and will give style and variety to the plainest gown. No, 1 is represented in pale-blue satin, covered with figured net, deep lace edging to match being gathered to form a frill around its rounded outline. The standing collar of blue satin is covered with net, and bows of pale-blue satin ribbon decorate the neck and shoulders. No, 2 has a foundation of cream-colored satin in square outline overlaid with embroidered chiffon in Dresden china color and patterned on a creamy ground, the deep frill showing the handsome scalloped edge. Rosettes of pink satin ribbon with

PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

GENERAL impression prevails among women that the summer is a grand time to practice economy in dress, materials being shorten in the centre front and back and only in dress, materials being shorten in the centre front and back and only in dress.



6439-MISSES' AND GIRL'S YOKE

are edged with a frill of the same handsome lace. The stock collar is of applegreen satun ribbon. No. 4 is cut from allover embroidery, is edged with insertion
and finished with a deep frill of embroidered edging to match. The rolled-over
collar is edged with insertion. A standing or stock collar can be used in its
place, if so preferred. Embroidered and
lawn collars are very fashionable in any
of the shapes here presented and will be
found both useful and economical, especially for wearing with frocks of wash
materials which are apt to become slightly
soiled at the neck before the freshness of
the remaining portion is in the least injured.

A good pattern of skirt for young cirls
shown is fell.

Jured.

A good pattern of skirt for young girls, shown in 6441, is well adapted to the many varieties of pretty wash fabries now in vogue. Its simple shape, with neatly adjusted front and side gores that fit smoothly at the top and flare moderately at the foot, gives fashion's latest stamp to this graceful skirt. Gathers at the top dispose



6:41 -MISSES' SKIRT

6441—MISSES' SKIRT

the fullness at the back in pretty sof:
folds that fall in spreading lines to the
hem. French challie in mixed colors of
dark blue and orange spread over a rich
cream ground in a unique pattern is the
material here shown, a dark-blue ribbon
helt and bow being worn at the waist.
The pattern serves well also for skirts of
serge, crepon, cashmere, taffeta, wash
silk, lawn, batiste, chambray, gingham,
duck, Madras or teviot suiting in linen,
cotton or mixed fabrics. Pattern 6441 is
cut in three sizes: viz., 12, 14 and 16
years.

years.

The pretty dress for a little girl shown in 6454 is made of white dotted Swiss, fashionably trimmed with embroidered edging, and insertion to match. The mode is simple and daintily becoming to little girls, the sash of some bright color worn around the waist adding to its attractiveness. The plain body is neatly shaped, by shoulder and under-arm seams, and closes invisibly in the centre back. The fancy pointed bertha is slightly



6454-GIRL'S FROCK

6454—GRL'S FROCK
gathered at the top, and joined to the
body at round yoke depth, nearly covering the waist. Full empire puffs are
mounted over fitted sleeve linings, that
can be finished at the elbows with frills
edged with insertion and embroidery to
match the bertha, or continued to the

wrists and finished with bands of insertion. The full round skirt is gathered at the top with a single row of insertion set above the hem. The dress can be made with low neck, and elbow sleeves, to wear with or without a guimpe, as preferred. Gingham, percale, lawn, chambray, and other cotton wash goods will make up daintily by this pattern, and will launder easily, while the design is just as suitable for cashmere, taffeta, India silk and other wool or silken fabrics. The pattern is cut in five sizes: viz., 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years old.

old.

A pretty fancy this season is the double sailor collar worn on the stylish Eton jacket that is more than ever popular. The upper collar is usually made from cream or white pique, duck or linen, sometimes plainly finished and sometimes trimmed with insertion as here shown. This collar is made adjustable, so that it can be removed when necessary to laun-



M62-LADIES' ETON JACKET

der, the fronts, which extend to the lower edges, being secured with buttons and buttonholes placed inside. The Eton jacket in the cut is made of dark-blue serge, the white pique collar being decorated with Irish point embroidery inserted near its edge, which reaches within an inch of the plain sailor collar of blue serge. The jacket is neatly fitted with single bust darts, the scamless back reaching to the waist in round outline, graduating to pretty points in the front. Full gigot sleeves are shaped with a single seam, and gracefully disposed over comfortable linings that are joined in two sections. Jackets in this style are generally made to match the skirt, which can be of any seasonable cotton, wool or linen fabric. Pattern 642 is cut in six sizes: viz.. 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

PARIS FASHIONS.

PARIS FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 28.

I SAW some gowns yesterday that are going to be worn at the steeple-chase races at Auteuil next Sunday. The mondaines will wear their very smartest frocks on that occasion, and perhaps dress more quietly at the Grand Prix a week later, for there is an idea in the smart Parisian set that it is no longer in good form to be conspicuous on that day. The large number of foreigners and queens of the half-world always present are responsible for this, although society always attends the Grand Prix, and it really marks the close of the social season, for, a week later, Paris is always deserted. Deserted in the conventional sense that is all, for in no great city, and least of all in Paris, is the hole that the deptature of its very upper crust makes very apparent, and we can count here on the incoming tide of summer visitors. Cook's tourists and Baedeker's will be as thick as flies; and in a month one will hear as much English as French spoken on the Avenue de l'Opera.

One of Fisher & Roberts' new models will make its debut at Auteuil next Sunday, and it cannot fail to be very much admired. It is of mauve crepon and the bodice is covered with a complete corselet made of squares of fine white linen lawn and ecru guipure. This lawn and lace is arranged in the most exquisite pattern and looks as if it were woven in one piece. There is also a deep collar of it over the shoulders cut into square tabs in the back, and ending in two points in front. From under each point starts a frilled fall of mauve silk which reaches to the waistline. Between these falls the bodice, covered with the corselet, "blouses" a little. The choker is of silk, and there is a silk tab, almost square and about five inches deep, which starts from the top of the choker in front and falls down on the gown. It is bordered with an inch-deep accordion-plaiting of silk, and is fastened to the dress with tiny silver buttons.

The dressmakers are turning out a number of jacket gowns elaborately trimmed. I have seen a very smart one of a goldenbrown chine taffeta with tiny bunches of rosebuds embroidered over it. The skirt is lined with pink silk with two crisp dust ruflles. It opens in three narrow panels in front, showing the pink lining for a space of two or three inches. These panels are edged by a row of tiny coral buttons surrounded by brilliants, and brown silk cord is laced across them. The jacket is cut in the style of Louis XV., very full in the back, and with wide revers. These revers are trimmed with large buttons, matching the tiny ones on the skirt. The blouse is a very elaborate affair of cream satin ribbon and rises to two high points in the back. A frill of the lace falls over it.

mull and lace. The choker is of cream satin ribbon and rises to two high points in the back. A frill of the lace falls over it.

A gown that I saw recently, suitable for a similar occasion, shows a very novel combination of colors. The gown is of a lavender silk with small embroidered polka dots on it. The bedice is lined with pale-blue silk and over it a blouse of white Valenciennes entredeux with each seam trimmed with a narrow rufle of yellow Valenciennes edge. The sleeves of lavender silk are divided into puffs by a lace-edged entredeux over a strip of blue satin ribbon. The soft sash is of the lavender silk tying on one side. The ends are finished by frills of yellow lace; and above are several rows of insertion over the blue, with each edge bordered by a tiny frill of lace. The whole effect is very charming, and the becoming choker has three rows of lace points bordered by the narrow yellow Valenciennes edge.

Black grenadine gowns will be very much worn this summer. Some very novel and up-to-date ones are trimmed with narrow ruffles of beurre-colored lace. Some of the new grenadines have an irregular - colored strip tunning through them often in wates. I have seen a very charming gown of black grenadine with red splashes in it. The full modish skirt was arranged in the back to stand away from the waistline in three points; that is, the godets in the back to stand away from the waistline in three points; that is, the godets in the back to stand away from the waistline in three points; that is, the godets in the back were narrowed to form three deep knifeplaits at the waistline. Of course the skirt was lined with a stiff silk. The fullness in the sleeves was arranged in much the same way, the plaits standing out well from the shoulders. The bedice was of the grenadine, with lat and choker of black satin ribbon tying in a broad bow in the back. Over the top of the choker fell four oddly shaped points of red satin, two on each side. Ethelly Fillend.

She (after a lover's quarrel)—"You may return my letters."
He (editor)—"Did you inclose stamps?"

How good a man is to his wife the first day after she has caught him doing some-thing wrong.

SEND THIS

PATTERN COUPON

AND TEN CENTS FOR EACH PATTERN REQUIRED.

For ladies, give Bust Measure. For misses and children, give Age only for skirts, give Waist Measure. PATTEEN YO.

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N.B.—No attention will be paid to Coupons improperly filled in. Any subscriber failing to receive the pattern ordered in due time after sending a Coupon may infer that the delay is due to some omission in the Coupon, and should send a new Coupon filled in according to the directions above, taking the precaution of writing the word "Corrected" on the upper left-hand corner. Letters referring to Coupons cannot be answered unless the necessary postage for a reply is enclosed.

The leaves of memory seemed to m A mournful rustling in the dark."

The leaves of memory seemed to make A mournful rustling in the dark.

At the corner of School and Washington Streets, on the site now eccupied by the Old Corner Bookstore, stood the home of America's pioneer New Woman, who had the misfortune to be born more than two centuries before her time. Anne Hutchinson, who lighted the torch which kindled such a mighty ecclesiastical conflagration in New England, was born in Alford, England, in 1591. So interested was she in the doctrines of John Cotton and of her brother-in-law, John Wheelwright, that she followed the former from England, arriving in Boston in 1634. She was admitted to the Boston church, where she rapidly gained influence. Mrs. Hutchinson, who was described by her opponents as "a woman of haughty and fierce carriage, of a nimble wit and active spirit, and a very voluble tongue," had submitted with great impatience to the regulations debarring women from the privilege of joining in the debates at the private religious gatherings of the brethren. After a time she instituted meetings at her own house for the sisters—a course strongly approved by John Cotton and the young Governor, Harry Vane. After carefully listening to the sermons of John Cotton, she repeated them as fully and as accurately as possible to the "females" whom she gathered under her roof, adding her own opinions and beliefs without reserve. The jealousy of the clergy was furious and strong against her. The theory taught by



OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE (SITE OF ANNE HUTCHINSON HOUSE).

her—the theory of many of the most scholarly religious thinkers of the present day—that "the person of the Holy Spirit dwells in every believer," and that "the inward revelations of the Spirit, the conscious judgments of the mind, are of paramount authority," were pronounced "dangerous errors," and others of her opinions were condemned as exceedingly ungodly, and unedifying. Governor Vane, John Cotton, John Wheelwright, and many among the scholars, magistrates, and members of the General Court, supported her, and the controversy ranso high that it made havoc with the general business of the town, and even interfered with the levying of troops for the Pequot War. At the first synod assembled in America, in 1637, no less than eighty-two "errors" were enumerated against this troublesome feminine agitator, and she was condemned. In the following November she was sentenced by the court to banishment from Massachusetts, but was allowed to remain in Roxbury till the following spring. While in Roxbury, we learn from Winthrop that "divers of the elders and others resorted to her, and finding her to persist in those gross errors before mentioned, and many others, to the number of thirty or thereabouts," she was called before the church at Boston, where, "though her errors were clearly confuted, yet she held her own, so



as the church agreed that she should be admonished." Her excommunication was speedily pronounced, and several men were thrown out of the church and disarmed because they had become "seduced" by the logic of this silver-tongued sorceress. A number of these were banished from the State, and, with Mrs. Hutchinson, found, through the kindness and liberality of Roger Williams, a welcome and a home on the Island of Aquidneck, subsequently Rhode Island. After the death of her husband, in 1642, Mrs. Hutchinson removed to New Amsterdam, now New York. The Dutch and the Indians were then at war, and in an invasion of the settlement by the latter, in 1643, she, with all the remaining members of her family, with the exception of one, who was taken into captivity, was killed. Two of the men who were banished for supporting Mrs. Hutchinson, John Coggshall and Henry Bull, were afterward Governors of Rhode Island.

To one passing, when the darkness has fallen, through a lane running from Hanover Street to Commercial



CONSTITUTION WHARF.

Street, it would seem entirely fitting to behold, lurking in the shadows which are here relieved by no artificial light, sombre-visaged, gesticulating shades in materialized Continental costumes and unsubstantial queues; or, if at the windows of the houses, faces beneath cocked hats and powdered hair should look forth, one would feel that only an appropriate happening was taking place. This by-way was named Salutation Alley from the Salutation Tavern which stood on one of its corners as early as 1693, and whose sign was two men—known in local parlance as the "two palaverers"—bowing to each other. Another thing which probably helped to give the street its name was the fact that its extreme narrowness enabled its inhabitants to easily hold converse with each other across the way. This alley, which was the residence of many influential people, was a veritable highway of treason or loyalty, according as one was a Tory or a Whig. Salutation Tavern was a popular resort for the North End mechanics and others who met for political discussions. Here was organized the caucus which caused such annoyance to the Royalists. Under its roof might often be met Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Warren, and other mutiny-mongers, and within its walls were arranged some of the most effective com-



COPP'S HILL. BUNKER HILL MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE.

mittees, and concocted some of the most important plans which helped to bring about America's independ-

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down;
Long has it waved on high.
And many an eye has danced to see
That barner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk Should sink beneath the wave; Her thunders shook the mighty deep, And there should be her grave; Nail to the mast her holy flag. Set every threadbare sail, And give her to the god of storms, The lightning and the gale!"

The lightning and the gale!"

Those of an older generation will remember when these lines, herald of a new poet, rang out in stirring protest against the destruction of the frigate "Constitution." Their effect was twofold: they made known to thousands who had never then heard it the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and did much toward arousing the patriotic feeling which prevented the destruction of the gallant old sea vessel. At 24 Hull Street, in a gambrel-roofed house, lived the Hartt family. One of the sons, Captain Edmund, built at his own yard (the Government then having no navy vard) the frigates "Constitution" and "Boston, the brig "Argus," and many of the finest ships of the time. The cost of the construction of the "Boston" was defrayed by the merchants of

the town, who were so well pleased with the trim and stanch vessel that they presented the captain with an elegant silver service, inscribed "as a memorial of their sense of his ability, zeal and fidelity in the completion of that ornament of the American navy."

The present Constitution Wharf is located on the site of Captain Edmund's yard, from which were launched not only that most honored of our ancient sea-monarchs, "Old Ironsides," but many other vessels of note.

Not far from the Hartt house is Copp's Hill, which served as a redoubt and manœuvering ground for the British troops on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill. Its summit offering a convenient plateau for a burial-place, a part of it was appropriated to this use in 1695, being the second cemetery in Boston. During about fifty years nearly half the population of the town was interred here. There reigns here a true democracy of the dead, the merchant and the artisan, the master and the 'prentice, the priest and his flock, all reposing in the quiet ways together. Many of the moss-covered slate stones bear names with which all the world is familiar. In the southeast corner of the yard, in one tomb, which is surrounded by a low iron fence, reposes the dust of Increase, Samuel and Cotton Mather. Another grave which is inclosed by an iron fence is that of Deacon Moses Grant, who headed the Boston Tea Party. Many of the stones bear marks of English bullets. The one most scarred by these missiles is that of Captain Daniel Malcoln, who, as his monument informs us, is buried in a stone grave ten feet deep, and who was "A true Son of Liberty, a Friend to the Publick, an Enemy to oppression, and one of the foremost in opposing the Revenue Acts of America." The oldest stone yet discovered is that of David Copp, whose wife was Obedience Topill. This elder Copp became a noted man in his day, and at his funeral, in 1713, a distinguished company assembled to pay their respect to his memory. Among these was Judge Sewall, who records in his diary that there were pres



THE MATHER-ELIOT HOUSE.

declared that "He bore a lingering sickness with patience, and met the King of Terrors with a smile." The yard is "beautiful for situation." overlooking as it does the entire harbor and city, and the stillness which reigns among its tree-shaded paths is very impressive.

On the corner of Hanover and Bennett Streets, crowded almost out of sight by the large brick buildings near it, is a fragment of the old house which was built in 1677 by Increase Mather, after he was driven from North Square by the great fite of 1676, by which his church and residence were destroyed, and in which he lived until his death, in 1723. In this house his son, Cotton Mather, spent his babyhood and a number of the early years of his manhood. Here also abode for a long time Andrew and John Eliot, ministers in succession of the New North Church from 1742 to 1813. The ghosts which one would expect to haunt this house would appear in clerical gowns and ministerial bands.

At 19 Unity Street, a drowsy little by-way between Tileston and Charter Streets, is a house which for many years was owned by Benjamin Franklin, and which was the home of his sisters, Elizabeth and Jane, both of whom were widows. The latter developed very early, and married Edward Mecom at the age of fifteen. Her illustrious brother sent her a bridal gift, with the following note: . . "I have been thinking what would be a suitable present for me to make, and for you to receive, as I hear that you have grown a celebrated beauty. I had almost determined upon a tea-table; but when I considered that the character of a good housewife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentlewoman, I concluded to send you a spinning-wheel, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love



JOSIAH QUINCY'S HOUSE, QUINCY, MASS



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CONGRESSMAN W. J. TALBERT, SOUTH CAROLINA

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.-No. 28.

JASPER TALBERT, re-elected to Congress from the Second District of South Carolina, was born in Elgefield, in that State, in 1845. He was educated in the country schools and in Due West Academy at Abbeville; and served in the Confederate Army with distinction. In 1880 he was called from his farm to the State Legislature, and served, in House and Senate, until 1884. He subsequently presided at the convention which nominated the "Farmer Governor," and later became superintendent of the State Penitentiary. He was elected as a Democrat to the Fifty-third Congress, and will now represent his old district once more.

Another re-elected member is George W. Ray of the Twenty-sixth District of this State. Mr. Ray has served in the Forty-eighth, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, and had a large majority when called to the Fifty-fourth. He was born in this State in 1844; brought up on a farm, and educated in the common schools and at Norwich Academy; fought through the war in the Nineteenth Army Corps; was admitted to the Bar in 1867, and has practiced his profession ever since. He has been chairman of the Republican County Committee of his county, and was a member of the Republican State Committee in 1880.

The Seventeenth Congressional District of this State will be represented in the Fifty-fourth Congress by B. B. Odell, Jr., a prominent citizen of Newburgh. He was born in that city in 1854; was graduated from the public

schools, and afterward studied civil and mining engineering at Columbia College. He is president of the Newburgh Electric Light and Power Company. Interested in politics early in life, he has served as a member of the Republican State Committee for the past ten years. During the last campaign he was chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee.

the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee.

Henry F. Thomas, re-elected from the Fourth Michigan District, is an earnest Republican. He was born in Michigan in 1843; entered Albion College in 1859; and in 1862 enlisted in the Seventh Michigan Cavalry as a private. This body belonged to the celebrated Michigan Cavalry brigade, commanded by General Custer, and in it Mr. Thomas served until 1865. He at once renewed his studies, and was graduated in 1868 from the Medical Department of the State University. He has served in the State Legislature; in 1875 and 1876 was a member of the State Senate and one of the State Board of Visitors to the Michigan University. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention from the Fifth District in 1884, and was at one time president of the West Michigan Medical Society.

Chester I. Long, who will represent the Seventh Kansas District, was an unsuccessful candidate against Jerry Simpson in that same district in 1892. In 1894 he was renominated by acclamation, and elected triumphantly. Mr. Long was born in Pennsylvania in 1860; removed with his parents in 1861 to Missouri, whence he

went to Kansas in 1879. There he received an academic education, was admitted to the Bar in 1885, and elected to the State Senate in 1889.

Richard Cunningham McCormick, Congressmanelect from the First District of this State, was born in this city in 1832. He received a classical education and became a broker in 1850. In 1858-9 he edited the Young Men's Magazine, and in 1860 entered the editorial department of the New York Evening Post. He was a war correspondent for several New York newspapers, and became chief clerk of the United States Department of Agriculture in 1862. He was secretary of Arizona Territory in 1863-6, and Governor in 1866-9; was elected a delegate to Congress from that Territory for three consecutive terms, and served in 1869-75. He established The Arizona Citizen in 1870, and was a delegate to the National Republican Conventions of 1872, 1876 and 1880. Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition in 1871-6, Assistant Secretary of Trensury in 1877-8, and Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition in the latter year, he was made a commander of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, and was tendered the mission to Mexico on his return, which he declined. He published a "Visit to the Camp before Sebastopol" (New York, 1855); "St. Paul's to St. Sophia" (1860), and "Arizona, its Resources" (1865). The reports of the United States Commissioners to the Paris Exposition were prepared and published under his direction. His home is on Long Island.

and affection." A typical gift for "Poor Richard" to make!

At the head of a narrow by-way leading from Chartr Street to the water, and formerly called, from its popularity as a coasting-place, "Sliding Alley," stands an ancient brick house which, during the Andros troubles, was the home of John Foster, an opulent merchant. Foster was an ardent supporter of all revolutionary movements, and the sight of a red coat was as obnoxious to him as a cloak of the same hue to a Spanish bull. It is believed that in his house was concealed the first charter; hence the name of the street on which the building stands. He was a great admirrer of Increase Mather, and urged his appointment as special agent to England to obtain redress for grievances. The Governor John Hancock, Presidents John Adams and John Wash for the prevent his escape. The reverend captive was, however, allowed to receive visitors, and one day when Foster had been calling on him, a figure in the merchant's scarlet cloak and tie-wig passed the sentry and betook himself to a boat which had been ordered for him, and was rowed out to a ship bound for England. The next morning, the cloak and wig having been returned, Foster walked forth, leaving the discourse of the Columbia, he named it for his ship. Gray's Bay, by the discovery of which Oregon was finally secured to the United States, perpetuates his exploits.

At Quincy, one of Boston's most beautiful suburbs, and which has the honor of being the birthplace of Governor John Hancock, Presidents John Adams and John Quincy Adams and John Which has the honor of Parliament, that Lord Hills-was, however, allowed to receive visitors, and one day was him and which has the honor of Parliament, that Lord Hills-was, however, allowed to receive visitors, and one day was a nearly standard to a standard to a ship bound for England. The next morning, the cloak and view parks and pulsed themselves out in heart-throbs, and he was near his last moments, he exclaimed: "I should die content if I could have but an hour's intervie

quarters at Cambridge to inform the General of the manœuvres of the vessels. He cut, with a diamond ring, the day and date of the evacuation of Boston on one of the panes of the windows from which he had kept his watch. This pane remained in its original place until a comparatively recent date, when, to guard accident and theft, it was removed to a place of safety.

ONE word for the Central American Indians who are often spoken of contemptuously by people entirely ignorant of them. Some day these laborious and hard-fisted fellows will give an excellent account of themselves. They are energetic and have all the adaptability of the Japanese, whom in some respects they resemble. A well-drilled army of those fellows would be quite formidable enough to make European interlopers think twice before ignoring Central American rights.

THE Pope does his private writing with a gold pen, but the pontifical signature is always given with a white-feathered quill, believed to come from the wing of a dove, although persons who have seen it say it must have come from a larger fowl. The same quill has been in use for more than forty years. It only serves for important signatures, and is kept in an ivory case.

Customer—"Have you anything to cure a cold?" Druggist—"Heavens! Have you no friends?"



The first number of Monus, one cent per copy, appeared April 28, 1860, with appropriate illustration at top of its title page (see below), and the following declaration of its principles which its editor was pleased to call

A PRELUDE,

"Being Mr. Momus' own Private and Particular Song":

I.

I am Momus, God of Giggle—I am son of ancient Nox;
From Nox taking Knocks, head-breaking, still I give to modern blocks;
Over-grinning was my sinning—itching still the gods to hector;
Cachination my vocation, too much nonsense spoiled my nectar.
Laughing Venus—she, between us, was no better than she should be—
Piped her eye when I came nigh, seem'd as like a nun as could be.
So Minerva, owl-preserver, found my funning, found my punning.
Found my joking and side-poking, and my humor all too stunning;
With a frown her skirts pulled down; said that I was really shocking,
When I squinted and I hinted at the color of her stocking.
All too pithy, in his stithy, Vulcan found my sayings smart—
Lame and smoky, every joke he took in savage, serious part;
So, in caucus they to Orcus, me with many a snarl consigned;
"By the Eternal," cried the infernal Gods, "the fellow can't stay here;
"Mr. Charon, take your fare on! he on earth must shove his queer!"
So it chances, men of Gotham! so it happens, I am here.



II.

I am Momus, God of Giggle, consecrated foe of spleen;
At low or high, still laughing I—none too mighty, none too mean.
For a very safe and merry voyage in laughter's golden gleam,
Momus joker, Momus stoker, stirs the fire and gets up steam;
Blubbering boys may bawl for toys, just because another has 'em,
But tears of mine shall be like wine well pressed out in merry spasm.
Who no graces in men's faces sees through sour and scalding tears.
Who merits meed to merit's deed denies with snobbish snarling sneers;
Who must borrow every sorrow—he, on broth of hyssop nurst—
A toothsome beast to head the feast, shall be, ha! our joke the first!

III.

III.

Whatso's comely, howso' homely, good and graceful act and thought, Gentle kindness, gentle blindness to our neighbors coming short, Momus praises, Monus raises with devotion and delight, With love ample for a sample—raises up to public sight, Whatso's ugly, howso' saugly, in this world of sham and shame, I may manage decent carriage, it may prove a solvent name. Momus ready, Momus steady, stands prepar'd with lash to meet. Momus ranges, through exchanges, church, or state-house, court, or street, Public leeches making speeches, pilferers of the public store, Greed undying, ever crying, "Give me, give, O give me more!"—In my way, I will pay, debts discharging day by day.

Solemn journal! dread diurnal! tho' in peril of his life, Momus clever will endeavor sense to make of all your strife; To extract the honest fact, he will apply of Truth the test; Praising duly, praising truly, making jest of all the rest.

VI.

All good folks fond of jokes, now pray prepare the pittance-pence!

Leave each solemn plumbeous column—take me in, like much of sense!

"Get the best!"—Duce est to laugh in season, Horace said—
(Not Horace G. I mean but he, who wisely from Philippi fled).

So leave-taking, kindly shaking every honest hand extended,
Momus, now, can make his bow, and the Prologue, friends, is ended.

appeared upon the stage of New York journalism July 8, 1865.

Its frontispiece, as will be seen by looking closely at the right-hand corner of the reproduction, was by the great Thomas Nast, who some time before had begun to make his mark as an illustrator, and especially in the line of telling caricature. A peculiarity of this particular work of Nast is the number of capital portraits of prominent people of the day crowded into the boxes and parquet of the theatre where Mrs. Grundy with her cat made her debut. One sees Victor Emmanuel in a proscenium box with the late Governor Morton of Indiana, James Gordon Bennett the second, then a mere youth, while scattered here and there are recognizable distinctly the faces of Generals Grant, Sherman, Halleck, Meade, Butler, Burnside and Joe Hooker. P. T. Barnum is smiling on the front row at Adolphe Thiers. Horace Greeley, the elder Bennett, Henry J. Raymond, Lester Wallack, General Garfield, Theodore Tilton, John A. Logan, James T. Brady and hundreds of others well known at the period are drawn with a distinctness certainly very remarkable considering the size of each portraiture. It is curious, however, that although Mrs. Grundy is supposed to be pouring out her wit in profusion there are only two smiling faces to be seen—that of the late Showman Barnum, and that of a tall, lanky Jonathan standing in the lower proscenium box at the left of the stage.



Mrs. Grundy had her prologue on the stage, as a matter of course, and here it is: man ner protogue on the stage, as a matter of co "Tis doubtless fit, on this our opening day, That we should speak a prologue to our play:— Answer, in prefatory résumé, The question, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"— Set forth our principles, our means and ends, And bid a hearty welcome to our friends.

Step forward, Politicians, great and small; Dame Grundy has a paragraph for all; Praise for pure-minded patriots, whose aim Is to secure the country's weal; and blame For that vile mercenary crew that plies A trade in plunder, bribery and lies; Leniency toward the well-intentioned dullard; Her politics shall ne'er be party-colored. Bear this in mind—when Mrs. Grundy speaks, Tis for the Nation, not for local cliques.

"Tis for the Nation, not for local cliques.

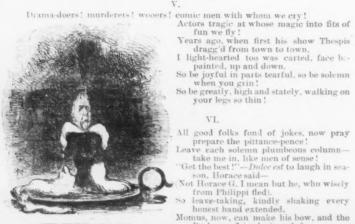
Reverend gentlemen, a word or two
Of good advice, in confidence, to you.
Of earnest piety we make no sport:
Real Religion claims our warm support.
Who to God's mission with clean hearts adhere
Have naught from Mrs. Grundy's voice to fear;
But let not bigotry true zeal supplant,
Nor Christian charity give place to cant.
If o'er the Universal Church ye set up sect,
Not e'en "the cloth" from censure shall protect.

Not e'en "the cloth" from censure shall protect.

Lawyers, Physicians, Pettifoggers, Quacks, Professors, Pedagogue, and Party Hacks; Petroleum Princes, Government Contractors, Demireps, Dandies, Dramatists, and Actors; Editors, Poets, Essayists, Historians, Vivacious Southrons, stolid Hyperboreans, Celts, Saxons, Teutons, Latins, or Shemitic—We have for every class our special critic, Whose keen eyes scan, unwarped by specious glamour All themes, from Ethics down to English Grammar. Each reader, high, low, old, young, grave, or gay, Will find a place in what we have to say; And full provision's made in our viaticum Of seas'ning spice—including the Sal Atticum. Where writers fail to signalize our status, We'll use high art to fill up the hiatus.

We'll picture life—inform you what the news is—

We'll picture life—inform you what the news is— Encourage modest worth—reform abuses— Dispel delusions—show, in great variety. The "tricks and manners" of "good society.' We'll scrutinize (and, where 'tis proper, score 'em) "Urbes, moresque hominum multorum.''



We've gibes for Jehus by our best hack writers; And diatribes on our dire tribes of "fighters"; Flings at the fashions; fund of fact and fiction; Critical thought with elegance of diction; Instruction, blended with a vein hilarious, To suit each unit of the "human warious."

Prompt to defend the weak against the strong—Uphold the Right and stigmatize the Wrong—In all our stricture be it understood
Our single purpose is the public good.
Our motives pure—our satire free from gall,
Chief of our golden rules we this install:—"Malice toward none, but charity to all."

A few specimens of the old lady's illustrated art and we will dismiss her to









The editor of Mrs. Grandy was a certain Dr. D. H. Carroll of New York, and t was one of the leading artists.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE INNER MAN.

BY "A BLUE APRON."

A FISH SALAD.—Flake into small pieces about half a pound of cold fish, free from skin and bone. Add to it half a pound of cold cooked potatoes cut in slices, two gherkins chopped fine, or a tablespoonful of capers. Arrange the mixture in a salad-bowl or dish and sprinkle with white pepper, salt and chopped parsley. Cover with Mayonnaise sauce.

Cover with Mayonnaise sauce.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE.—Beat up the yolk of an egg with a little pinch of salt, stir in a teaspoonful of mustard and then add, drop by drop, enough oil to make a mixture the consistency of butter; add half a teaspoonful of vinegar, then by degrees and alternately half a small wineglassful of plain vinegar and nearly double the amount of oil. Stir all the time, and only add the oil and vinegar a few drops at the time or the mixture will curdle.

POTTED CHEESE.—Slice half a pound of

POTTED CHEESE.—Slice half a pound of cheese and pound it in a mortar with about two ounces of butter, salt, pepper, and a teaspoonful of mustard and curry-powder mixed. This may be kept for a few days and eaten cold with biscuits, or served on fingers of hot buttered toast.

A BEVERAGE FOR WHEELMEN.

A BEVERAGE FOR WHEELMEN.

NEXT to being lost at sea there is nothing that brings on the pangs of thirst quicker than bicycle riding. The hot sun and the constant inhalation of dust quickly parches the throat and makes the biker long for the next stop for refreshments. The wise rider avoids ice water, well knowing its danger. Alcoholic beverages are likewise tabooed because of their heating propensities, and there is little satisfaction in wishy-washy stuff sold under the broad classification of "soft drinks." A well-known wheelman, in speaking of this, said:

"What to drink is no easy problem to a

the broad classification of "soft drinks." A well-known wheelman, in speaking of this, said:

"What to drink is no easy problem to a man on a long, hot run. The only drink I know really fit for a bicycle rider is Hires' Rootbeer, carbonated. There are but few places now at which it cannot be had, and I tell you it braces one right up, seems to go right down to the bottom of your pedal workers. It is cooling and refreshing, quickly lowering your thirst. I tell you there's nothing like it, and I've sworn off all other drinks when on the road." Hires' Rootbeer, carbonated, is made from the famous Hires' Rootbeer extract by the same formula, without adulteration of any kind. Besides being delicious it possesses many medicinal qualities, making it as popular with wheelmen and pedestrians as the good home-made Hires' Rootbeer is with the folks at home.

CHESS.

A CORRESPONDENT in sending two very well-played games to the London Times, speaks with much modesty, but hopefully, of chess in South Africa. "There are clubs," he writes, "at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Maritzburg and Durban, besides minor clubs in country districts." The Times is of opinion that the fears expressed by its correspondent as to whether the play itself reaches a proper standard may be at once dismissed. Intercourse with the leading players of the world would naturally tend to give depth and strength to colonial play generally; but evidently both Australia and South Africa have already learned as much as most players in England could teach them. One of the South African games referred to is published below.

With the return of the American players from the Hastings Tournament it is probable that a contest for the championship of the United States will be arranged. It is a very open question whether Hodges, Showalter or Lipschutz is the better player. They are old-time opponents, and chess players have frequently asked for a decision.

chess players decision.

Next week the solution of Problem No. 30 will be published, and the week following will appear the name of the prizewinner in the problem-solving competi-

CHESS IN SOUTH AFRICA GAME PLAYED AT MARITZBURG, NATAL

Queen's gambit declined.				
S. H. Savory. 1 P.Q 4 2 P.Q B 4 3 Kt-Q B 3 4 Kt-K B 3 5 P x B P (a) 6 P x P 7 Kt x Kt (c) 8 Q x Q 9 P-K 3 10 P-Q R 3 11 P-Q Rt 4 12 B-Kt 2 13 B-Q 3 14 R-Q sq 15 Kt x B	MF, X. BLACK. PQ 4 P-K 3 KU-K B 8 P-B 4 B x P Kt x P (b) Q x Kt P x Q K t-B 8 B-Q 8 P-Q R 3 Castles P-B 8 B-K 4 Kt x Kt	S. 2012 S. 25 S. 2	H. Savory, white. P x P (d) Castles P-B 4 (e) R x P Q 4 R K K R + Q 4 R K B Sq B - K K B - R Q B - K R Sq K - K B 2 K - K S K - Q 4	BLACK. B-Q2 Q H-Q sq P x P R-Q 8 Kt 4 K-Kt 2 R-K 7 (f) R-K 7 (f) B-Kt 3 B-Q 6 R-Q 2 K-B 3 B-Kt 4 P-K R 3
13 B-Q 3 14 R-Q sq	P-B 8 B-K 4	32	K-K 3	B-Kt 4
16 B x Kt	PxB	35	R-B 2	K-Kt 2
17 B-Kt sq 18 B-R 2 19 P-K 4	K R-Q sq	37	B-K 4 B-B 5 B x R	BxR

or to allow the opponent ose games such as these, ferable here, ving the Kt strong for

efense at B 3.

(c) And here the too long delayed P-K 3 If then

... Kt x Kt: 8 Q x Q ch, K x Q: 9 P x Kt, etc.

(d) The pawn is cleverly won, and with much

(e) Or K R K sq. If then 22...BxP; 23 BxB, BxR; 24 BxP, and wins.

PROB. No. 32.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.



SOLUTION OF PROB. NO. 29. SECOND PRIZE OF THE "CHESS MONTHLY

Key-move—Q.K.B., 1 Q.K.B., K-Q.5; 2 Kt. Q.7) x P ch, B x Kt ch; 3 Kt x B mate.

1 " K-Q.5; 2 Kt. Q.7) x P ch, K-K.5; 3 Q-Q.3 mate. mate. K-K 4; 2 Kt (Kt 4) x P ch, B x Kt ch; 3 Kt x B mate. K-K 4; 2 Kt (Kt 4) x P ch, K-B 3; 3 Q-Q R

mate. K-K 4; 2 Kt (Kt 4) x P eb, K-K 5; 3 Q-K 2 Kt-B 4; 2 Q-K 2 ch, Kt-K 6; 3 Q x Kt mate. Kt-B 4; 2 Q-K 2 ch, K-Q 5; 3 Kt-B 5 (x Kt)

P-Q B 4; 2 Q-K 2 ch, K-Q 5; 3 Kt-B 2 mate, P-K B 3; 2 Q-Q B 4 ch, K-K 4; 3 Kt-Q 3

THE OLD AND NEW WAY.

THE OLD AND NEW WAY.

We had heard so much of the "Beethoven Organ" which Mrs. Johnson sent for, that while down her way last week we stopped in and looked at it. It is certainly one of the most magnificent instruments we have ever seen. The case is made of the very best grade of walnut, very handsomely carved and highly polished. The action, in its construction is perfect in every detail, and the tone was just about as sweet as we have ever heard. We have seen much worse looking organs sold for two or three times the price Mrs. J. paid.

She saw the advertisment of the "Beethoven Organ Co.," Box 800, Washington, N. J., in the Once A Week, and knowing that she could safely rely on any

advertisement she saw therein, she sent for the catalogue of the company.

This was sent free. She informs us that she never dealt with more polite and honest people than the above-mentioned company. This company are the pioneers of a new industry—that of selling direct from the factory to the consumer, thus saving the purchaser all profits, such as the dealer's and agent's, thus only compelling the purchaser to pay the small profit which they (the company) make. They sell a \$350.00 Piano for only \$162.50.

The time is coming, we predict, and will soon be here, when every article, not only of household furniture, but all farming implements, will be bought direct from the manufacturer at first cost. The agent will be heard of no longer, and the farmer and mechanic will thus be benefited. This is as it should be, and we trust our readers will help us in making the fight. Only purchase such articles as you know come direct from the factory.

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